

THE GREATEST TROTTING-RACE EVER KNOWN.—SHAMROCK II. AS SHE IS.—THE BIG STRIKE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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A TWENTY-DOLLAR CATBOAT HOLDING UP A MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT.

HOW THE LITTLE CRAFT CAUSE DANGER AND CONSTERNATION IN YACHTING WATERS.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Starting Schools in the Philippines.

(Special Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)

PROFESSOR FRED W. ATKINSON,
THE FIRST SUPERINTENDENT
OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
IN MANILA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great desire for education exhibited by the Filipinos, and their intense eagerness to acquire English, there are difficulties in the inauguration of an Americanized public system in these islands. The Filipinos would appreciate a modern system, but they are jealous of changes, and, therefore, this system must be established gradually. The people of the United States probably have no

adequate conception of the Philippine educational field. There are cheerless schools with the worst imaginable furniture, or none at all, scattered over many islands. In many places there are no buildings available, and no municipal funds with which to pay the bare pittance of a salary allowed the native teacher.

One great hindrance to the work is the lack of a common language. Only about five per cent. of the entire population speaks Spanish, the remainder being divided up into a dozen different Malay dialects, each unintelligible to the other. Hence, the English language is being made the basis of all public-school instruction from the start, the American teacher being required to acquaint himself with the native dialect of his station sufficiently well for the purposes of primary instruction, and many difficulties of the problem being overcome by the use of highly-illustrated primers, charts, and object-lessons, bright colors having been found especially effective in winning the interest and attention of the Filipino child.

The Filipinos have a great faculty for imitation and for the lesser mechanical arts; and, as soon as practicable, it is planned to establish a number of industrial schools for the proper development and application of their genius in this direction.

A normal and a trade school for Manila and an agricultural school in the island of Negros are now being organized. Later, there will be other normal and industrial schools, and a high school at the capital of each province. About 700 teachers from the United States are expected to arrive in Manila prior to September 1st, proximo, in addition to the remainder of the eighteen division superintendents recently authorized by the Philippine Commission. These teachers will be distributed throughout the archipelago under the immediate supervision of the division superintendents, but both division superintendents and teachers will be paid and subject to direction from the central or general office at Manila, which also purchases and supplies all schools with text-books, stationery, furniture, etc. Transportation is one of the great problems to be solved in this connection, the present service being very irregular and inadequate.

On my tour through the islands with the Philippine Commission I had excellent opportunity for observation and investigation, and, on the whole, I am pleased and encouraged at the spirit manifested. Everywhere the greatest interest was shown, many of the municipal delegates to the meetings of the commission in the various towns asking that a compulsory school law be enacted.

The native teachers seem to be much pleased with the work of this department, and they anticipate with interest the arrival of a large number of American teachers. Their hearty co-operation has been obtained from the first, since it has been announced to them that the American superintendents and teachers are here to establish for the Filipinos an American public-school system, to teach the Filipino teachers our methods and our language, and to prepare them to take charge of their own schools in the future. No competent, well-behaved native teacher will be discharged

(Continued on page 202.)

New York and the Presidency.

SENATOR THURSTON, of Nebraska, says New York will have a good deal to do with naming the candidates at the next Republican National Convention. New York's pendulum usually swings in successive Presidential canvasses from one party to the other. These swings of the political pendulum were deemed so certain to recur that when a Presidential election approached the political prophets would say, "This is New York's year to go Democratic," or "This is the Republicans' turn to carry New York." This sequence has been broken. For two Presidential elections in succession, those of 1896 and 1900, the same party—the Republican—has won New York. Not since 1872 could this have been said before of any party, and therefore New York Republicans will be in better position than ever before to ask for first place on the next Presidential ticket. If Senator Platt is at the head of the New York delegation, as he will be if he lives and elects to be in 1904, he will be the greatest factor in the convention.

There was rejoicing among the New York Republicans when, in 1879, Roscoe Conkling's candidate, Alonzo B. Cornell, carried the State for Governor by 43,000 over Lucius Robinson. It was the Tammany bolt, under John Kelly, however, which gave the Republicans the victory. Robinson's and Kelly's combined vote was 35,000 in excess of Cornell's. Cornell, moreover, was the only Republican who carried New York for Governor between Dix in 1872 and Levi P. Morton in 1894. In the victories of Morton, Roosevelt, and Odell there have been three Republican Governors elected in succession.

When, through the Blaine Republican stay-at-homes, Cleveland in 1883 beat Folger by 193,000 for Governor, nobody then alive ever expected to see this tremendous preponderance closely approached again in New York by any candidate of any party for any office. McKinley, for President, carried New York in 1896 by a lead 75,000 longer than this of Cleveland's. Morton in 1894, for Governor, with 156,000 votes, did not fall very far short of Cleveland's margin of a dozen years earlier, although Morton had as an opponent the most skillful campaigner, David B. Hill, whom the New York Democracy has produced since Samuel J. Tilden, and Hill had a personal popularity never attained by the sage of Gramercy Park.

There has, beginning with 1893, been an unbroken succession of Republican victories in the State of New York for the heads of all the tickets, great and small, except that Alton B. Parker was elected chief judge of the Court of Appeals in 1897 by the Democrats. In the latter respect this record was never equaled before by the Republicans of New York since the foundation of their party nearly half a century ago.

This change in Republican conditions in the State of New York has been coincident with the accession of Senator Platt to the undisputed leadership in his party in his State, a fact in which the State organization, as it exists to-day, takes no little pride. Just who may be Senator Platt's preference for a Presidential candidate is unrevealed, but that he will be for a New York man nobody doubts.

Value of the Newspaper Interview.

ONE point in all recent controversies is of present and permanent interest, and that is the accuracy of interviews with leading men. In the unfortunate contest between Sampson and Schley the interview comes in for a large share of attention, and it figures in three different phases—the interview confirmed, the interview doubted, the interview denied. It will appear in the proceedings of the court of inquiry.

In the first place, if it had not been for the interview the truth in this matter would never have come out, for, according to the naval officers themselves, the official reports do not contain the whole truth. Taking the opinions of either side, this can be stated with the utmost conviction, and when we take the opinions of both sides, the fact appears glaringly. It was when the interviews began that the country obtained the first inklings of omission and commission in the official communications. There was a great deal of cross-firing, and the public grew rather weary of the whole business, but the interview kept at its work until it has brought about what should have happened in the first place, a judicial investigation of the whole fight.

At the same time the interview, in exposing truth, has managed to expose itself under the three phases which we have named, and to convict itself under most of them. The interview is a good thing if properly used, but we cannot escape the thought that the only way that the interview can achieve its real character and place itself above suspicion is the very simple one of confirmation before publication. That is to say, after a man talks let him see the written words and corroborate them. Sometimes he may afterward deny them, but it is extremely rare. LESLIE'S WEEKLY has had occasion to interview the prominent people of the world, from aldermen to kings, and it has pursued this policy with the result that not a single one of these talks, which were of extreme public importance, has ever been called into question. We know that our brethren, the daily press, are pushed for time, but it is better sometimes to lose an hour than to make an error and an enemy.

Some Good that War Does.

WAR is so universally condemned that it is almost pleasant to say a good word for it and to twist the aphorism so that it will read, "War hath its victories no less renowned than peace." We find this peculiarly illustrated in the recent history of China. Outside of all the controversies and entanglements, there is reported by competent observers a significant reaction from the narrow prejudices as displayed by the Boxers and this reaction is toward civilization as displayed by Americans. So confident are the missionary societies that this is so that they have arranged to send larger numbers of their men to the Celestial Kingdom, and they believe that these men will be well received. We find in the revolution the Chinese universities cited as a potent cause. They have seen and they must know, and a significant fact is that they are doing what they can to change the bigotry into something approaching cordiality. In some of the towns which treated the Christians

most atrociously the return of missionaries has been welcomed and greater interest has been shown than ever before. In one of the provinces a new university has recently been planned, and a letter was recently received from Dr. McCartney, stating that he had made a 2,000-mile journey through the interior without once hearing the epithet of "foreign devil."

The tremendous meaning of these facts cannot be underestimated. Friendliness toward the representatives of Christianity means the opening of all of that vast empire to everything that goes with Christian influence. Following the churches will be new modes of thought, better manners of living, and a gradual industrial awakening. There is a great deal in sentiment. Get the people to favor a thing, and the thing is as good as done. Get the Chinese to understand what Christianity and civilization mean, and the saving of millions from bigotry and antiquity is more than begun.

War did this. It took a big sound and a sharp prod to make the jelly-fish of nations move its ancient body and open its closed eyes. The booming of cannon and the point of the bayonet, which are so horrible as a rule, have thus accomplished a work that is almost miraculous. It is not the first time in history that the same thing has occurred. In fact, within the past 200 years war has done some good. The best thing that ever happened for England was when it was twice defeated by America, and it is not surprising that John Bull is now coming to observe the Fourth of July with almost as much cordiality as Uncle Sam himself. It is too early yet to tell Spain that the genteel trouncing she received has done her a world of good, although the reports are practically without exception to that effect. Her industries are in better shape than they had been for years, and her people are using their money to develop their own resources instead of pouring it out in endless streams upon colonies which she could not govern.

War is bad; it always will be bad; but when it does something good it should have full credit, just as we are inclined generally to give a certain mischievous person his due.

The Plain Truth.

CERTAIN theories in regard to the status of the negro race in this country seem likely to be subverted and set aside by the stubborn argument of the figures gathered by the census bureau. Some of these already given out show that the negroes are holding their own so far as their proportion in numbers to the whole population is concerned, and that in at least one Southern State—Georgia—they have been actually gaining on the whites in literacy. It also appears that the amount of property, personal and real, held by negroes has also increased in an unexpected degree. Coming at a time when several Southern States are planning to exclude negroes from the right of suffrage, these figures have a special significance. If citizenship rights are made to bear a relation to property-holding and educational acquirements, the colored people are certainly on the way to claim their full share of these rights within the law or without it.

The creation of a national bureau of forestry, in accordance with an act passed at the last session of Congress, is an enlargement of the activities of the national government in the right direction, and one that is certain to add greatly to the value of the national domain. The intimate relations of forests to the rainfall of a country, to its fertility, healthfulness and general well-being, are now recognized in all civilized countries, and no further argument is needed to emphasize their importance in these respects. In England, France and Germany, forest supervision has been a distinct feature of government activity for many years, and has commanded the service of many able specialists trained in the science of forestry. In our own country gratifying progress has been made in the same direction in recent years, particularly in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, where a large amount of valuable work has been done in forest preservation by State bureaus. Excellent service of a similar character has been rendered for some years by the forestry division of the Agricultural Department at Washington, and the new bureau is designed only to place the work upon a more independent basis with increased facilities and a larger scope. The appropriation for the first year's work of the new bureau is \$185,440, an amount nearly seven times larger than the forestry appropriation of 1899, an increase which may be taken as a fair measurement of the rapid growth of interest in this important subject.

Sentiment in favor of a change of inauguration day at Washington from March 4th to a date a few weeks later has found expression in many quarters at various times, the expression being most general and emphatic in the days immediately following an inauguration, when the suffering and inconvenience usually attendant upon the performance of the ceremonies in early March weather are most keenly realized. But it has remained for the committee having charge of the last inaugural to take the first forward steps to bring about the desired change. This they have done by presenting a resolution to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia asking that body to appoint a national committee to urge the innovation on the public. It will require an amendment to the Federal Constitution to move the date, and as from the nature of the case such action will be extended over a prolonged period, the work cannot be begun too soon. The new date suggested for inducing the chief magistrate into office is April 30th, a date which has the best of historical precedent in its favor, since it was on April 30th, 1789, that our first president was actually inaugurated. It may be safely assumed, we think, that the public sentiment of the country will be almost unanimous in favor of the proposed change. Every consideration which a fair regard for the public well-being can suggest may be urged in favor of the new date, while no arguments can be brought against it except such as may be prompted by that feeling of ultra-conservatism which opposes any innovation on principle, or possibly such as may come from those opponents of President McKinley who would look upon a proposition involving an extension of his present term for a month or so as another scheme of the "imperialists" for knocking holes in the Declaration of Independence and subverting the government.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—FOR many and obvious reasons, the Roman Catholic Church in England has need to put at the head of its affairs in that country one of the strongest, ablest, most zealous, and most astute men to be found in the ranks of its clergy. That man it undoubtedly has in Cardinal Vaughan.



CARDINAL VAUGHAN, HEAD OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

In the years of his administration he has shown himself eminently qualified to deal with the many difficult and delicate questions arising in his ecclesiastical realm. A few years ago he precipitated a controversy in religious circles in England which raged for a long period, by proposing terms for the absorption of the Protestant sects within the fold of the Roman church. In that controversy he displayed rare powers as a theological debater. The cardinal is said to have a hobby for collecting money for objects he has at heart. Some thirty-seven years ago, so the story goes, he came here to America to collect funds for a missionary college. Although the then Pope, the kindly Pío Nono, gave him his blessing, he strongly besought the young English priest not to go on what he thought a fruitless errand. However, Father Vaughan came back with a goodly sum, and with characteristic fearlessness wrote to the Pope's secretary: "Tell his Holiness that his blessing was worth more than his prophecy." It was Cardinal Vaughan, it may be added, who acted as the intermediary between the Pope and the English pilgrims on the occasion of the address made last winter by the Duke of Norfolk, in which the latter expressed the hope that temporal power might be restored to the venerable pontiff, an utterance which aroused great indignation both in Italy and England. Later still than this was the declaration issued by Cardinal Vaughan against the anti-Catholic oath taken by King Edward on the occasion of his accession to the throne. And "with hope of repairing and canceling the injuries thus committed against the Divine Majesty," he directed that a general communion of reparation shall be celebrated in every Catholic church within his jurisdiction, the second Sunday of Lent, and that in future the words "in reparation" shall be prefixed and read before the divine praises recited after benediction.

—Numerous instances might be cited from biographical literature in support of the statement that true genius will assert itself soon or late in the life of an individual, in spite of the most untoward circumstances and conditions. Given the inborn talent, the natural instinct, and a way will generally be found to overcome such obstacles as poverty, neglect, lack of sympathy, and physical disabilities may interpose. An extreme case of this kind is that of the girl Helen Keller, who has attained a remarkably high standard of scholarship in spite of the fact that she is deaf, dumb, and blind. A notable example of the same kind, of success in overcoming natural difficulties, is seen in the case



MR. BERTRAM HILES, AN ENGLISH ARTIST WHO PAINTS WITH HIS MOUTH.

of Mr. Bertram Hiles, an Englishman who has become a famous painter, notwithstanding a cruel affliction has deprived him of hands. Mr. Hiles lost both his arms through a street-car accident when he was only eight years old. He had developed at that time a decided gift for drawing, and the loss of his arms did not swerve him from his determination to become an artist. He therefore set to with indomitable courage and learned to work holding the pencil or brush with his mouth. Later he took up the subject of modeling, and became expert at that. Such were his energy and persistence in his studies that at the age of sixteen he exhibited a water-color study at the Bristol Fine Art Academy, and a little later won an art scholarship valued at 100 guineas. He afterward studied in Paris. In recent years Mr. Hiles has exhibited in the Royal Society of British Artists, the Dudley gallery, and other places. The late

Queen Victoria bought several of his pictures, and Queen Alexandra owns a number of others by him, which she prizes highly.

—Rare scholarship, eminent piety, and faithful service in the church, have brought their just and proper reward in the elevation of Dr. Francis Paget from the position of dean of Christ Church, Oxford, to that of the Bishop of Oxford, one of the foremost ecclesiastical offices in England.



RIGHT REV. FRANCIS PAGET, D.D., RECENTLY APPOINTED BISHOP OF OXFORD, ENGLAND.

Dr. Paget was a student of Christ Church in his youth, and won the Hertford scholarship therein 1871. From 1878 to 1891 he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, and from 1883 to 1885 he was vicar of Bromsgrove. He was regius professor of pastoral theology, and canon of Christ Church from 1885 to 1892, when he became dean of that church, succeeding the late Dean Liddell. The new bishop is the author of several works on ecclesiastical subjects, the last being a volume on "The Redemption of War." He married in 1883 a daughter of Dean Church, and has four sons and two daughters. He was left a widower last year. The new bishop is known as a "high" churchman, but is greatly regarded among all classes in England.

—It will be news to many readers of the gifted and popular young New England writer, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, to learn that she is now residing at Oxford, England, engaged in research at the Bodleian Library for material for a new and elaborate edition of Vaughn's poems, which she is preparing for the press. Miss Guiney has a considerable band of admirers in England, where her poems, "England and Yesterday," have been recently published, and where a volume of her essays, "Patrius," has been issued still more recently. Of one of the essays in this collection no less a critic than Mr. Clements K. Shorter, the biographer of Charlotte Brontë, says that it is one of the best in literature. The statement is made that Miss



MISS LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, THE YOUNG AMERICAN AUTHOR ENGAGED IN LITERARY RESEARCH IN ENGLAND. From "The Sphere."

Guiney may possibly remain in England at least two years in pursuit of her Vaughn studies. As a writer of graceful and melodious verse Miss Guiney has few equals among the minor poets of the day.

—Great expositions tread so closely upon each other in these days that the proceedings of one are in danger of being confused with the preparations for its successor.



PROFESSOR HALSEY C. IVES, CHIEF OF FINE ARTS OF THE LOUISIANA EXPOSITION.

Before the Pan-American is fairly at its height the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to be held at St. Louis, begins to figure large in the public eye. Apropos of this is the announcement that Professor Halsey C. Ives, who performed such valuable services as chief of the fine arts department at the Columbian Exposition, has been assigned to a similar position at St. Louis. Professor Ives was born at Montour Falls, Schuyler County, New York, in 1847. Early in life, from natural inclination, he turned to the work of a draughtsman and became a student under the direction of Piatowski. After several years of travel and professional work he settled in St. Louis, and later became a member of the faculty of Washington University, a position which he held for over twenty years. When the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts was founded in 1881, Professor Ives was chosen director, and since that time has held that place, as well as being director of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts—the art department of Washington University—which he had organized some years previously. He has received several marks of distinction from foreign governments for services in art education, including the Order of Wasa, conferred by King Oscar of Sweden, in 1896, and the Order of the Dannebrog, by King Christian IX. of Denmark, in 1895. In addition to his professional work, Professor Ives always has been an ardent advocate of reform in municipal affairs, and for four years was a member of the city council of St. Louis, at the same time serving as chairman of the hospital

committee, under the direction of which plans for the creation of a new and modern system of hospitals were formulated.

—In view of the handsome majorities that Iowa has piled up for Republican candidates on State and national tickets for years past, it may be taken for granted that the next Governor of Iowa will be the Hon. A. B. Cummins, of Des Moines, who heads the ticket put in the field by the Republican State Convention on August 6th. Mr. Cummins has been a prominent figure in Iowa politics for the last twenty years, and has been a member of the State General Assembly. He has also served for four years on the Republican National Committee. He is a native of Greene County, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1850. He removed to Iowa when a young man, and engaged in various occupations, but in 1873 he began the study of law in Illinois, and was admitted to the Bar at Chicago. He resided in that city until 1878, when he removed to Des Moines and formed a law partnership with J. C. Cummins. As a lawyer and a citizen Mr. Cummins is highly respected throughout the State, and that he will make a worthy successor to Governor Shaw is nowhere doubted.



HON. A. B. CUMMINS, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF IOWA. Photograph by Webster.

—The lingering war in South Africa and events growing out of that conflict are the most disturbing factors at present in English politics, and the points around which party discussion is constantly raging. The Liberals are divided on war issues, one section being led by Mr. Asquith, former Home Secretary, and known as Imperial Liberalists, and the other by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the nominal leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons since February, 1899. The feeling between these two wings of the party has at times been deep and bitter, and has recently led to the report that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would resign. The London Spectator, speaking for the Liberal Unionists, thinks the resignation ought to be accepted, not on account of Sir Henry's opinions, "but because experience has proved that, in spite of some qualifications for the post, he does not make an efficient commander-in-chief. All regard him with respect, but no one looks to him for guidance." This, of course, is a political view of the situation. Many of Sir Henry's party associates think differently. They have perfect confidence in his leadership, and desire him to remain where he is. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a native of Scotland, a graduate of Glasgow University, and a man of rare culture. He has had a long and varied experience in public office, having been secretary to the admiralty, chief secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State for War.



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, LEADER OF THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

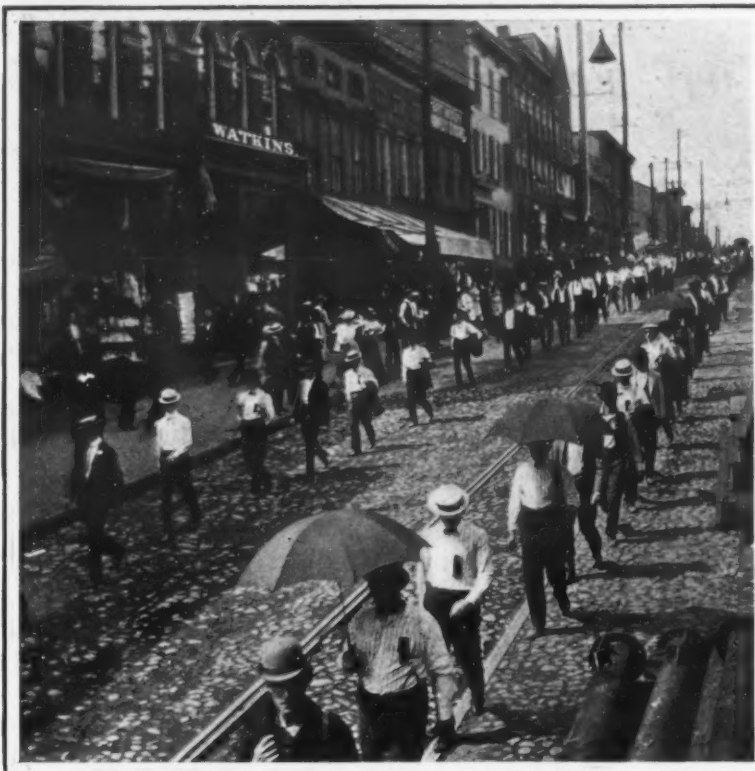
It is an occasion of general regret that our Navy Department, which has hitherto been remarkably free from scandals, should recently have been drawn into two unhappy disputes. As to the merits of the Schley-Sampson difficulty, judgment must in all fairness be suspended until the findings of the trial court. Of the trouble between ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, the country is now probably in as good a position to judge as it ever will be. The points involved relate to certain passages in an autobiographical work entitled "A Sailor's Log," written by Admiral Evans, and recently published. In these passages severe strictures are passed upon the action of the Secretary of the Navy who, in 1884, detached the admiral, then a commander, from duty as inspector of the fifth lighthouse district. In his book, Admiral Evans declares that this action was a piece of gross partisanship, and that it was prompted by unworthy and ignoble motives. No name is mentioned in the book, but as the Hon. W. E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy in 1884, the strictures are naturally understood as applying to him. Mr. Chandler wrote a letter to Secretary Long explaining and defending his course, and demanding that a reprimand be administered to Admiral Evans. Secretary Long acceded to this request. This, it is said, closes the incident so far as the Navy Department is concerned, and it is difficult to see how any good can come from a further discussion of the trouble.



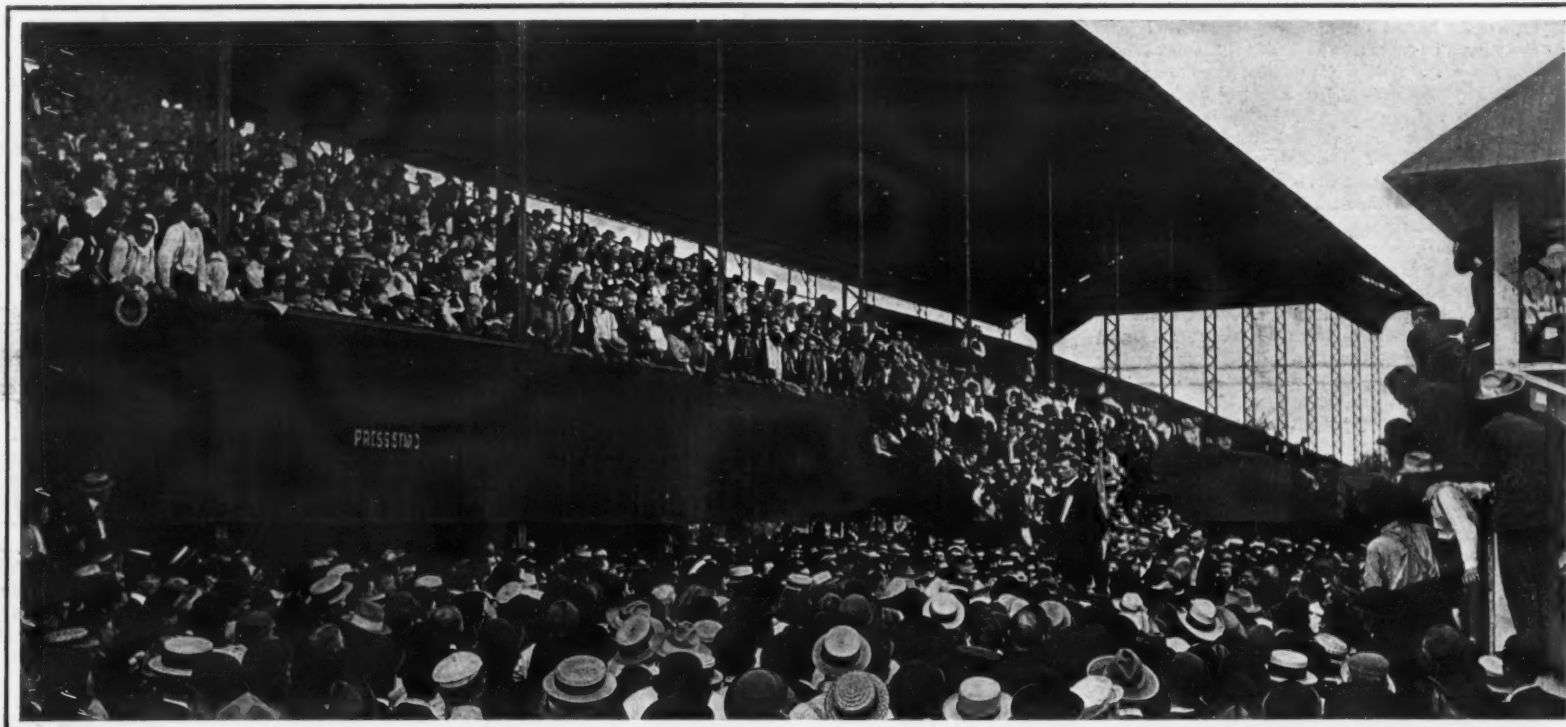
REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, CENSURED BY THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.



SHAFFER (X) WALKING IN THE PARADE.



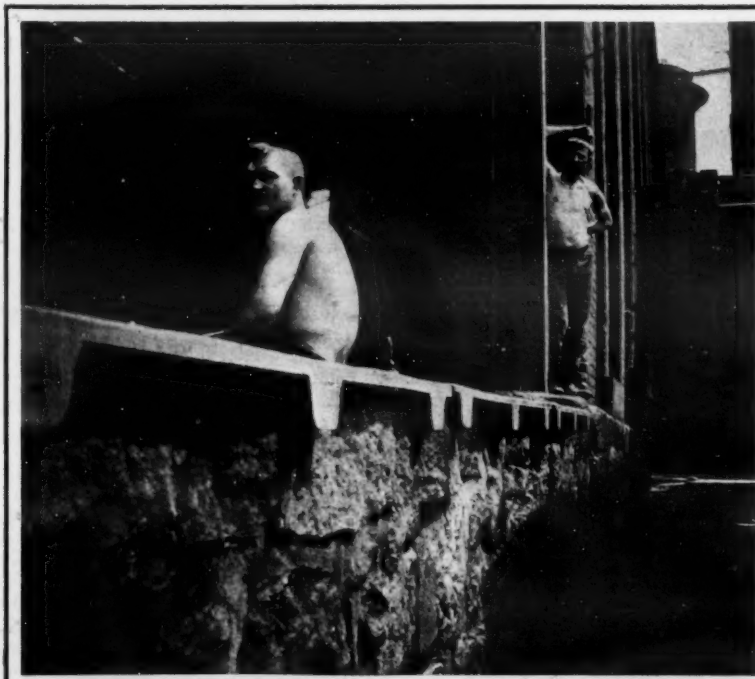
A WORKINGMEN'S PARADE IN WHEELING.



PRESIDENT SHAFFER (X) ADDRESSING TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE AT THE WEST VIRGINIA FAIR.



PICKETS ON DUTY AT THE BENWOOD MILLS.



WORKINGMEN AT THE BENWOOD MILLS.

BIG INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STEEL STRIKE.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 194.]



A WHEELBARROW LOAD OF PUPS.—G. H. Meek, Fostoria, O.



A TUG-OF-WAR.—William F. Hild, Chicago, Ill.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER) A UNIQUE GAME OF CHESS—"CHECKMATE."—W. H. Woods, Baltimore, Md.



THE END OF AN OREGON BEAR-HUNT.—C. W. Rupert, Fort Stevens, Ore.



"HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR PICTURES?"—George J. Kelly, Portland, Ore.

INTERESTING ANIMALS BY AMATEURS IN OUR GENERAL CONTEST.—MARYLAND WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)

HIS DEBTOR.

By FRANCES NIMMO GREENE.

On a well-lighted business corner of the new Iron City two young men stood in the attitude of parting. They had paused a moment in order that the taller of the two might finish what seemed to be an interesting story of how he and "Uncle Thompson" had unloaded all their shaky stock on a "sucker from the Gulf," just before the bursting of the boom.

The narrator slapped his trousers pocket for a witnessing clink as he ended the conversation with, "You bet your bottom dollar I know how to handle stock, and the old boy has inherited some of my business capacity." His companion swung on a passing car, and the tall fellow turned into a by-street, whistling softly as he went.

As he passed a shadowy stairway, he paused and looked up its dark height with the interest of an old acquaintance.

"Just a little row with the ballet," said a rough-looking man, who was seated on the bottom step. "Them girls are kickin' against a cut."

The young man laughed and replied, "Well, 'Joe's a Dutchman' if the manager wouldn't better look out for his bald spot. What do you think he will do?"

"Who, him?" exclaimed the man. "Well, he says he'll see 'em all in the hottest place this side of Fiddler's Green before he'll take 'em back on any terms. The boss is mad, I tell you! and he's advertisin' right and left for new girls."

The young man was at home there and felt no hesitancy in mounting the stairs half-way to listen to the pow-wow above.

To his surprise he found that some one was there before him, a slender woman, shrinking against the wall. Not at all abashed, he paused before her and exclaimed, "Ah, there! my little one; now, aren't you ashamed to be eavesdropping?"

For answer she pulled her hat further down over her eyes.

"Bashful, eh? Why, bless its little heart, what a *rara avis* in these parts! Take your finger out of your mouth and talk to the gentleman." He pushed her hat back, and taking hold of her chin, lifted her face to the light; but something he saw there caused him to step back and lift his hand to his hat.

"I wasn't eavesdropping," said the girl, white with fear or indignation. "I came here to get employment."

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I have made a mistake, and I am afraid you have too. Do you know the character of this place, and the employment they offer?" She lowered her head, but answered distinctly, "Yes."

"But you've never danced in such places before?"

"No, no," quickly.

He was silent for a full minute, and then said, gently, "Come, go home, child, this kind of a thing will not do for you."

"Oh, but it is this or starvation. What am I to do?"

"Starve," he answered, decidedly, and he led her down the steps. When they reached the street she would have turned homeward alone, but he drew her hand through his arm and said, "I'll see you safe out of these quarters. Pull your hat down over your face."

Nothing more was said until they had walked far out from the crowded thoroughfare and were well into a poor neighborhood, where smoking engines painted the miserable shanties, the streets, the heavens above, and the faces of the neglected children an ashen gray. Then, in answer to a few friendly questions, the girl told her history.

It was the old story of many an aching heart in the "boom" towns of the so-called "New South." One day a fortune actually within grasp; the next, poverty and despair. Her father, in the first shock of his ruin, had taken his own life and left her and a little invalid sister destitute.

Then she told in a breaking voice how she had roamed the streets looking for work, any kind of work that would stave off starvation—but all to no avail. How that night she had left the sick child hungry and had gone to the theatre in desperation.

Though Tom Nelson was among the few who had risen successful amid the general ruin, he knew how general that ruin had been.

She told her story simply, and then walked silent by his side. Of that night's battle with herself she said nothing.

There have been women in the world's history, weak enough to face a hell hereafter, rather than here, and with their own hands to make the voluntary exchange. There are women strong enough to starve and die for the right's sake. God help the many who are fearful and weak!

Poor little Margie was neither brave nor strong; and when she faced the chill November winds that night, going on her errand, it seemed that the Father had turned His face away. "Yes," she had thought bitterly, "He takes heed of the sparrow—but—He lets it fall!"

When Tom parted with the girl at the door of a miserable cabin, he slipped a five-dollar bill and a card into her hand and said, "Come to that address to-morrow morning and I will give you work." She looked up to thank him, but something choked the words back; the next minute he was gone.

The early morning brought a timid girl to the iron-broker's office. The elevator landed her at the door of a large, well-furnished room, where she found two men seated.

Her benefactor, a handsome, dissipated-looking fellow, rose to greet her, and introduced her in an off-hand way to his uncle and partner, Mr. Thompson. The latter was a stern-looking man with iron-gray whiskers, steel-colored

eyes, and hard features. He gave her a metallic nod and was soon deep in the morning paper again.

Margie flushed pink at first, but was soon pale again, with that unhealthy look that hunger and privation had stamped upon every feature. Her dark blue eyes were too restless and eager to be as pretty as nature intended them to be.

Nelson talked easily and kindly to her, as he explained the work he wanted her to do, and engaged her as typewriter and general office clerk at a salary of forty dollars per month.

When she rose to go she looked straight into his eyes and thanked him; and he had somehow a clearer idea of how desperate was her need.

"Say, Tom," said the metal man as Nelson closed the door behind the girl, "when you get ready to join the Salvation Army, please let me know in time to get another partner."

Day after day Margie worked quietly at her table; so unobtrusive was she that her presence might have been forgotten but for the constant clicking of her machine.

Nelson had an abiding faith in the working powers of the feminine tongue, but Margie's reticence staggered it. He did not talk with her enough to find out that she was a thoroughbred lady, and consequently did not suspect that she was hourly humiliated by coming in contact with a man who, she felt, did not respect her.

The powers of the imagination are never so strong as when we have lost, in a measure, our self-respect. Margie's morbid sensitiveness magnified Nelson's little free-and-easy jokes into something almost unbearable, and fancy suggested many slights that were really never intended. He was always kind and polite in a hail-fellow, off-hand way, but her instinct taught her that there was something lacking in his manner toward her. One day, when Margie was making the typewriter hum, Nelson wished to draw her attention, and being unable to make her hear, reached over and struck her a light blow on the shoulder with his pencil. She never knew how astonished and pleased he was to see the fire flash from her eyes. In an instant her accusing memory had crushed her spirit, and she lowered her lids that he might not see her humiliation.

He begged her pardon at once, but she thought bitterly that men never have to apologize to women whom they truly respect.

An hour afterward two elegantly dressed ladies came into the office on some mission for a fashionable church. They stayed for some time, it seemed to Margie. The elder cornered Mr. Thompson in the back-office room and talked exhaustively on the subject of united charities.

Tom and the other, a pretty girl, discussed the last german, right at Margie's elbow; but it no more occurred to Nelson to introduce his typewriter than it occurred to him to present any other piece of his office furniture.

Margie hardly recognized her lounging, free-and-easy companion in the punctilious gentleman, whose every attitude was one of profound respect. As she bent over her desk she was a very wicked little rebel indeed, and she kept saying to herself, "How does he know that she is any better than I am, when fate has never tried her?"

As the visitors left the office, the younger turned a little and gave Margie a pleasant nod. The act was accompanied by a look of so much sweetness that the dingy offices were ever after brighter for the sunshine she left.

"Well," exclaimed Nelson, coming into the office after his noonday meal, "haven't you finished those papers yet?"

"Not quite," said Margie, looking up flushed and tired from her work. She had been up all the night before with the little invalid, and to-day nothing would go right; when her nervous hands managed to strike the right letters, something would go wrong with the machine and another page would be spoiled. Just then she felt a very unangelic desire to knock the typewriter to pieces.

The papers were important and the man thoroughly impatient.

"Well," he said, sitting down in his chair very forcibly, "I'll be hanged if you are not as slow as the fellow who started to a wedding and just got there in time for the christening!"

It was the first time he had ever said anything to her that was really lacking in respect; he used a favorite simile without stopping to think; but the sensitiveness of the girl, sharpened by her peculiar circumstances and morbid self-depreciation, felt the keen edge of his words. She did not look up, but the expression in her bowed face took all impatience out of the young fellow; he visibly shrank in his chair as he felt how small a man he was.

Her hands trembled over the machine. She misplaced several letters, then hurriedly erased them and made them wrong again. After several more mistakes and corrections she got it all right as the bell rang for a new line. Hastily changing the machine she increased her speed and got along fairly well. Then she raised the cylinder to examine her work. On top of the line that had cost her so much trouble she had written the new one.

All the king's horses and all the king's men could not now put her shattered nerves together, and dropping her head on her arms she sought a woman's last refuge—tears.

Nelson had been watching her with a fearful premonition of the climax, but like most men who expect a calamity he was surprised and utterly unnerved when it came.

"Oh, say! Please, don't," he cried, hovering over her. "I didn't mean it. I am the meanest dog in the State of Alabama, and if you want anybody to thrash me, I am just the man that will do it. Don't cry about it—don't!" But Margie was in for a good cry.

"Oh, come now, for goodness' sake! Suppose somebody should come in, they would think I had killed you! Oh, I know I wouldn't be a baby!" Then, playing what he considered his highest trump, "You'll make yourself as ugly as the dickens if you keep on!"

She began to choke back her sobs, and he wet her handkerchief under the hydrant and gave it to her to cool her eyes.

"Now," said he, "you come over here and rest in my chair and get your face presentable, while I boss that typewriter awhile. I tell you what, that machine can buck like a mule when it gets out of sorts, and when it does, it takes a man to handle it."

Then he finished up the work while Margie sat quiet in the corner. When all traces of tears had left her wistful face, he made her go home under promise of resting for the afternoon.

Tom, poor fellow, carried with him to the club that night the heartache that a strong man feels who wounds a defenseless thing that is in his power.

Nelson often wondered how the girl accomplished so much, for the work was heavy, and she was very inexperienced. In answer to a question on the subject, she told him that she had rented a machine and carried a great deal of work home with her to do at night.

Shortly afterward, Margie, the club, and Tom were all three surprised. Margie was surprised that the office-work fell off so materially that she never had any left for night. The club was surprised that its lion did not spend so much of his time over billiards as was his wont, and Tom was surprised that he had never thought of it before.

In the next few weeks the two grew fonder of conversing together, and Nelson found that the waif he had saved was bright and intelligent, and surprisingly well-read for a girl of seventeen. This delighted him, for he was fond of reading; and he fell into a habit of stopping often in the book stores to purchase such literature as he thought would be nice for a blue-eyed girl.

It was no effort now to remember to ask after the invalid every day; and Margie, having no one else to whom she could tell her troubles, fell into a way of confiding in the big fellow to whom she was so much indebted.

One rainy afternoon, when the metallic half of the firm was absent in Mobile, Tom sat gazing into the muddy street and Margie clicked away on the typewriter. Gradually his gaze wandered to where she sat, and he began to notice her dress. She had worn that same calico ever since she had been in his employ. To-day it looked newly "done up," and he remembered to have seen it wear that freshly-laundered look many times before.

"Poor little owl," he thought, "when will she get rid of night-work?"

Since she had begun to confide in him, he no longer wondered that she did not spend some of her salary on dress. A nurse had to be hired for the little sister; and if any dimes were left from the nurse's hire, rent, food, and fuel, they were spent on little delicacies for the invalid.

He had just come to the conclusion that he would raise her salary \$10, when his eyes rested on the foot which extended a few inches from under her dress. The shoe had evidently been badly torn, and was sewed all the way across the top with very neat but very apparent stitches. He had forgotten himself with pity when the foot was quickly withdrawn, and he looked up to find the girl bending low over the machine with scarlet cheeks.

As night drew near, the rain fell more heavily, and when Margie rose to put on her hat and wrap, Nelson noticed that she had neither umbrella nor overshoes. Against her protest, he got his hat and umbrella and walked home with her, saying it was too late for her to be out alone. He took her arm to help her over a muddy place, and shivered as he found that she had only the thin dress sleeve between her bare arm and the winter night.

The next day was the 24th of December, and Tom slipped into the office an hour late with a long, black box under his arm. There was nothing particularly suspicious-looking about the box itself, but Tom's way of handling it, and the expression of his face, led the office boy to suspect that he had stolen it.

He tried to fit it into two or three little nooks about the room, but would not let it rest till he had shoved it away under the book-shelves, and weighted it down with some choice specimens of iron ore. Even then he would ever and anon give it a sidelong look of distrust, as if he expected it to slip up behind him and take some mean advantage of him.

Nelson was not passionately fond of work, but he hung around the office that day long after his more industrious partner had left. "Here, young man," he called to the office boy, "you can go now, and I'll lock up when I leave."

When the boy left, the big building was very quiet indeed, for all the other offices were closed for the day.

"Hold on, Miss Margie," Nelson said, as she began to fasten on her hat and cape, "I want to show you something." She was secretly very much excited as she took her seat and watched him drag out the mysterious box. He sat down in front of her with it unopened at his feet, and his nerves were obviously all to pieces.

"You see, child, I mean well, but I am such a blundering fellow—and I'm afraid I'll hurt you. I wanted to make you a little Christmas present, and was thinking whether I would get a pair of vases or a music-box, when I passed Blank's window and saw this. I thought how pretty you would look in it, so I just bought it without stopping to think. Now don't feel hurt," pleadingly, "because you know I think about you just like you were my little sister." His hands were very clumsy as he opened the box and drew out an exquisite walking jacket. It was lined all down the front with long tan fur, and was as thick and warm as a tailor could make it.

With instinct sharpened by suffering, she knew that his pity had been excited by the half-clad arm he had held the night before, and that the story of the music-box and vases was nothing but an old-fashioned lie.

With heart and eyes full she protested that she could not take it. When she spoke of her obligations to him, it embarrassed him so that she changed the subject by saying the cloak was much too fine for a working girl to wear. Here was his opportunity.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed. "It looks real nice, but that's nothing. You see this was bargain-day, and they dropped on the price. Do you know, it didn't cost but \$5?"

She fairly laughed at him as she said, "Well, they must have dropped, sure enough! For when I passed there this morning it was hanging in the window marked 'Reduced to \$20.00!'" He blushed for the first time since his nurse caught him stealing sugar.

Suddenly growing earnest again she continued, "But I can't wear it, I really can't. You see the truth is, the clerks in Blank's all know me; and they remember the purchasers of such fine things as this."

Her cheeks were red, but she held up bravely, and folded the cloak back into the box with gentle fingers. When she finished and looked up, he was idly scribbling on the desk, and the look of disappointment on his face went straight to her heart. Her mind was full of his kindness, and she felt that he would not enjoy his Christmas luxuries if he knew her to be cold and needy. Closing the box lid, she slipped into a chair by his side.

"Mr. Nelson," she said, in a low voice, "you have been too good to me for me to allow any foolish pride to come between us. I know what prompted the gift and the selection of it. I can't wear that cloak, but if you can exchange it at the store for anything you need yourself, I will take the price of it as a Christmas present from the best brother God ever made."

He brightened up like a big, good-natured boy, and declared that there were a dozen things which he was positively obliged to have from Blank's at once, and that he could readily exchange the cloak for any one of them. Then he took two tens from his pocket-book and, wadding them so as to make them look as small as possible, slipped them into her hand.

She had another little battle with her pride and again came off victorious, determining not to spare herself where she could give him pleasure. She never knew the beauty that her thoughts imparted to her face as she looked up at him and said, "I'm going to spend all this on myself because you hate to see me needing. There is enough to get a real good warm wrap, and a pair of new shoes, and some warm clothes—and I'll not be cold any more."

She had intended to shake hands with him and wish him a merry Christmas, but she only put both hands to her eyes and hurried from the room.

That Christmas Tom surprised the fat cook at his boarding-house by presenting her with a cloak about sixteen sizes too small for her.

The day after was cloudy and muddy; and as Margie stopped outside the office door to remove her overshoes, she heard the iron man say, "Well, there is no use running anything into the ground, Tom. Here we've been putting up with a third-rate clerk for six weeks; and you've been doing half her work, and adding \$5 to her salary out of your own pocket. Talk about raising her salary! Why, we could get a good man for what we pay her now and get twice the work."

Margie did not intend to be dishonorable; but when she accidentally caught the first few words, she could not help pausing a little. She walked into the office just as Nelson had begun to reply. Her cheeks were scorching hot, but her heart was chilled indeed, and her manner showed only deep mortification.

Poor Tom started visibly and turned crimson, but the iron man frowned, and seemed prepared to hold his ground. Margie looked straight toward him.

"Mr. Thompson, I didn't intend to hear what you were saying, but I'm glad I did, because Mr. Nelson's generosity might have prevailed against your judgment. I would not for the world go on not honestly earning my salary. Of course, I knew that you could at any time have filled my place with a man at the same price; but I thought I was doing all 'there was to do; and I did not know that Mr. Nelson was working for me, or—" here her cheeks fairly took fire—"or was giving me more than the firm paid. You are right in insisting on having a competent clerk, and you must get one at once."

Mr. Thompson bowed and said, "All right." Nelson expected to see her walk out of the office with her head high in the air, and prepared to follow her; but Margie took off the cover of the typewriter and sat down to it, saying, "I'll just work on, Mr. Thompson, until you can look around and get a man for the place."

Tom crossed the room, and taking his seat by her, said cheerfully, "Don't be discouraged, Miss Margie. I'll help you to get another place."

The tremor of her lips warned him not to say anything more on the subject, but all day long he was near her, and often gave her a helping hand when he saw that she was tired and nervous. When she put on her hat that evening, Tom got his, and announced his intention of escorting her home.

Mr. Thompson told her that he had engaged a man to come in the morning, and, thanking Margie lamely, said he hoped she would soon get another situation.

They said good evening, and left the office together. As the older man looked after them, his face assumed a peculiar, almost startled expression.

When they reached the street door it was raining heavily, and Nelson motioned to a hackman, and soon had Margie and himself snugly ensconced inside the vehicle.

She shrank back in the corner, and no word was said for a long time.

At last Tom leaned over her and asked, "What kind of place would you like to get, child?"

She tried to answer steadily, but the quiver in her voice was very apparent as she said, "Oh, I don't know. I haven't sense enough to teach, and I'm not strong enough to sew or do menial labor; it makes me sick; and Mr. Thompson says that I am only a third-rate clerk. I don't know of any place on earth I could fill right!" and she bowed her face in her hands.

Suddenly she had no hands to cry in, for they were both in the firm possession of her creditor.

"I know a place that you can fill, little girl; it's just your size exactly, and is here in my breast. Margie, won't you marry me?" and a pair of big loving arms helped her to find a resting-place above the vacancy he had recommended to her.

World-wide Chances for Trade.

An exposition of British products is to be held at St. Petersburg next winter.

German trade in the Philippines amounted to \$595,000 in 1898, \$642,600 in 1899, and \$1,499,400 in 1900, a commentary in itself on the results of American occupation.

Germany supplies Mozambique with cutlery. The natives care less for its appearance than for durability, and England is not able to furnish as durable goods at the same prices.

Russia buys her cheaper tools from Germany, while the best qualities come from France and England. Pitchforks, spades, and garden tools are rarely imported, although the home industry does not supply the market to its full extent.

Iron stoves are coming more and more into use in Bulgaria, having driven out the tin-plated ones formerly in great favor. Germany was the first in the field with iron stoves, but has found formidable competitors in Belgium and England.

The demand for agricultural implements in Egypt is bound to increase with the great progress made in cultivating land. Farmers are rapidly finding out the value of improved machinery, and have in use already a number of threshing machines.

Abyssinia imports files, nails, penknives, padlocks, screws, saws—altogether to the value annually of about \$3,570. Iron pans, from one to three feet in diameter, are largely imported, the number last year having been 4,000. The cost is seventy-one cents to \$2.14 each.

Consul Listoe writes from Rotterdam to say that Chicago as a seaport commences to attract the attention of Europe. A Rotterdam ship-broker firm advertises in the local papers, for the first time in maritime history, that it will accept freight to go through with bulk unbroken to Chicago.

Cash-registers and adding-machines are practically unknown in the section of Brazil about Santos. Consul Girimondi, of that port, thinks they would meet with a ready sale if introduced by agents speaking the language. He also believes there is a good opening in his district for photographic apparatus and supplies, and suggests the introduction of up-to-date postal scales to replace the crude articles in use at the present time.

Hungary, which has a flourishing milling industry, would now be a good market, it is said, for American flour bags and sacks, as the Austrian jute-spinning and weaving trust has raised the price of these articles, so that, in spite of the important duty on the foreign bags, 1,300,000 sacks have come in from Germany. Agricultural associations exist in all districts in Hungary, and purchase sacks, implements, etc., for their members.

Steps are being taken for the creation of a federal bureau of technicals in Germany. On the executive committee having charge of this plan are members of the leading chemical works, the German association for protecting the trades, the Technical Association of Germany, the Association of German Engineers, the Union of German Patent Lawyers, the Central Bureau for Scientific Investigation, the Institute for Fermentation, the German Tobacco Association, electrical companies and others.

The farmers of the Bavarian and Wurtemberg Allgäu districts have combined for the purpose of buying all their fertilizers, both chemical and natural, at the best wholesale prices and on the most favorable conditions. They use about 1,000 wagon-loads (of 200 cwt) a year. It is also rumored that they intend to buy all their agricultural and other machines the same way. It would be well for American sellers of artificial fertilizers and for makers of American agricultural machinery to look up the persons having charge of this enterprise.

There are some things which seem household necessities in the United States for which there is no market whatever in France or Southern Europe. One of these is the range with a hot-water back, another is the refrigerator, and a third is the rocking-chair. Americans living abroad often want these articles so badly that they even send home for them, but among the French there is no demand for them whatever, and American manufacturers only waste energy in trying to create a market for them. France will cling to the old-fashioned chairs for another hundred years.

According to the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, the production of butter in Siberia has increased during the past few years to a very marked degree. In the vicinity of Banaul, for instance, there are at present 300 creameries, against two in 1896. The demand for milk vessels has consequently assumed large proportions. A factory for the production of these articles has lately been established at Kurgan, but, as it cannot even approximately supply the demand, the greater part has to be procured from Moscow. Our consul-general in Germany suggests that West Siberia might afford a good market for United States manufacturers of milk vessels.

In view of the act of the English Parliament imposing an export tax on English coal in France, it is declared by our consular agents that the American product can be advantageously placed in competition with coal imported from any other country. The main obstacle is the high rate of ocean transportation. If this could be reduced considerably, there is no doubt that American coal would have a great future in France. In 1899,

France imported 10,467,430 tons of coal, valued at \$38,788,071; England sent 5,924,500 tons; Belgium, 3,769,290 tons, and Germany, 764,820 tons. The quantity of coal that has come from the United States does not appear to have been of sufficient importance to be mentioned specifically.

Consul-General Stowe, of Cape Town, Africa, is very sanguine over the prospects for American trade in that quarter of the world. The losses by war must be replaced, he says, and these losses cover almost everything that enters into life—the implements with which to till the soil; the habiliments of mankind; the household necessities, and even luxuries; the beasts of food and burden; the stocks of goods of the merchant, now depleted or destroyed; vehicles for at least farm and freight use; machinery of all kinds for the farm and the mine; apparatus for lighting cities and houses; equipment of railways and cold-storage plants; telephones, telegraphs, bridges; structural iron of all kinds, including pipes and tubes; water installations for cities; builders' hardware, etc. The land of South Africa is adapted to the production of sugar and fruit, of cotton, coffee and tobacco, and capital will enter to develop these industries. Large additions to the machinery and plants of the gold and diamond mines will be found necessary, and recent orders from America, amounting to \$5,000,000, emphasize the efficiency of our mining machinery. English colonists, loyal though they may be, must buy where they can get the best goods for the least money and at the earliest delivery.

The Twenty-dollar Catboat That Can Stop the Millionaire's Yacht.

YACHTS and pleasure-vessels are subject to the regulations of the Treasury Department which apply to "rivers, harbors, and inland waters of the United States navigable by sea-going vessels," and the risk of collision should "be ascertained by carefully watching the compass bearing of an approaching vessel." If the bearing does not appreciably change, such risk should be deemed to exist. When two sailing vessels are approaching one another so as to involve the risk of collision, one of them shall keep out of the way of the other as follows, namely:

- (a) A vessel which is running free shall keep out of the way of a vessel which is close-hauled.
- (b) A vessel which is close-hauled on the port tack shall keep out of the way of a vessel which is close-hauled on the starboard tack.
- (c) When both are running free, with the wind on different sides, the vessel which has the wind on the port side shall keep out of the way of the other.
- (d) When both are running free, with the wind on the same side, the vessel which is to windward shall keep out of the way of the vessel which is to the leeward.
- (e) A vessel which has the wind aft shall keep out of the way of the other vessel.

In the front-page illustration a type of craft, which costs at the most fifty dollars, and does not appeal at all to the sailor because of its absolute uselessness for anything except speeding in light weather, is unwarrantably forcing about, under clause "a," above quoted, a yacht of the class of the cup-defenders worth at least \$100,000, to the evident disgust of those in charge of the latter. It would be well for the young man at the tiller of the smaller boat if he did not try this game too often, for he might find a skipper or owner who would be less yielding, and who, after directing his crew to haul the rash ones aboard in a manner none too gentle, might give them a trouncing and maroon them, with the suggestion that their remedy was at law. And the probabilities are that a court would not sustain them in the position they had taken, for their act was one of mere bravado, as they are in the open water, and against the unwritten law of the sea, if not contrary to that which adorns our statute books.

In sailing, the theory of the law and practice is that the stronger shall keep out of the way of the weaker. But it is also well established that an insignificant boat drawing a few inches of water, bound for nowhere, shall avoid the path of a larger one drawing perhaps fifteen feet, which is heading for a destination. And it is very much safer. If the big boat should fail to answer her helm promptly, for instance, or her steersman get excited, as has happened under such circumstances, the smaller craft would be crushed as might an egg-shell in the hand.

A custom of long usage, scrupulously observed by all who deserve to experience the pleasures of sailing, is that a boat sailing across the course of a fleet of boats participating in a race, shall avoid getting near any of them, even though she may be obliged to lay to or run off, regardless of what her rights may be in the particular instance. Taking the wind out of the sails of a boat racing, or annoying her helmsman for a moment, might mean the loss of the race to her, and of hard-earned prestige. A man who would intentionally do this would be mean enough to steal the anchor and riding-line from a moored boat.

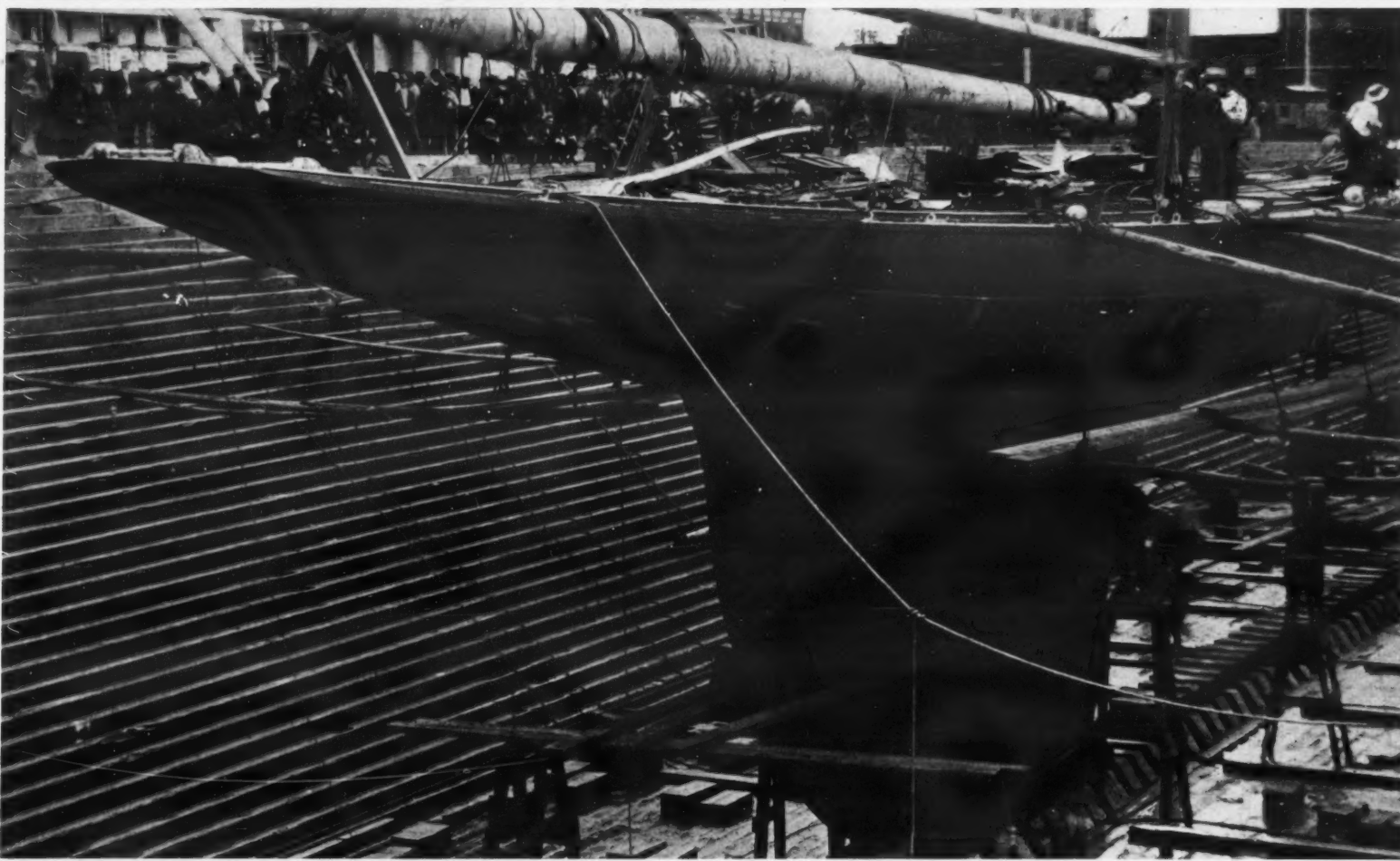
A steamer should always give way to a sailing vessel, and will invariably give one a wide berth if it can be done without too much hazard to herself. However, should you happen to be sailing your catboat, sloop, or yawl through Hell Gate, and a Sound steamer is approaching, work as far inshore as you possibly can, looking out for the eddies meanwhile, for the steamer, rather than strike the rock herself, will run you down without a moment's hesitation, throw your crew a few life-preservers, and cheerfully pay for your boat when her owner's spool of red-tape is exhausted. Boats of the type of the *Puritan* and *Priscilla* take up a large part of the channel at the Gate when they are passing through, and their captains cannot be expected to take any chance of disabling the vessel or imperiling the safety of a thousand passengers for the sake of avoiding a collision with a craft worth a few hundred dollars.

If you are sailing on the edge of a few planks fastened together without regard to the lines of beauty, and a much larger and heavier boat is approaching, ease your sheets and fall away gracefully, or luff her into the wind for a moment; and as the big boat glides by your little craft will rise to her swell, bow prettily and say, "I hope to grow and be handsome like you some day!" and those on the larger yacht will mentally smile at you and say, "You are a gentleman, sir, and I wish you a pleasant voyage." You will be amply repaid for your trouble by the picture of the larger boat sliding majestically by, which will be with you for many days.

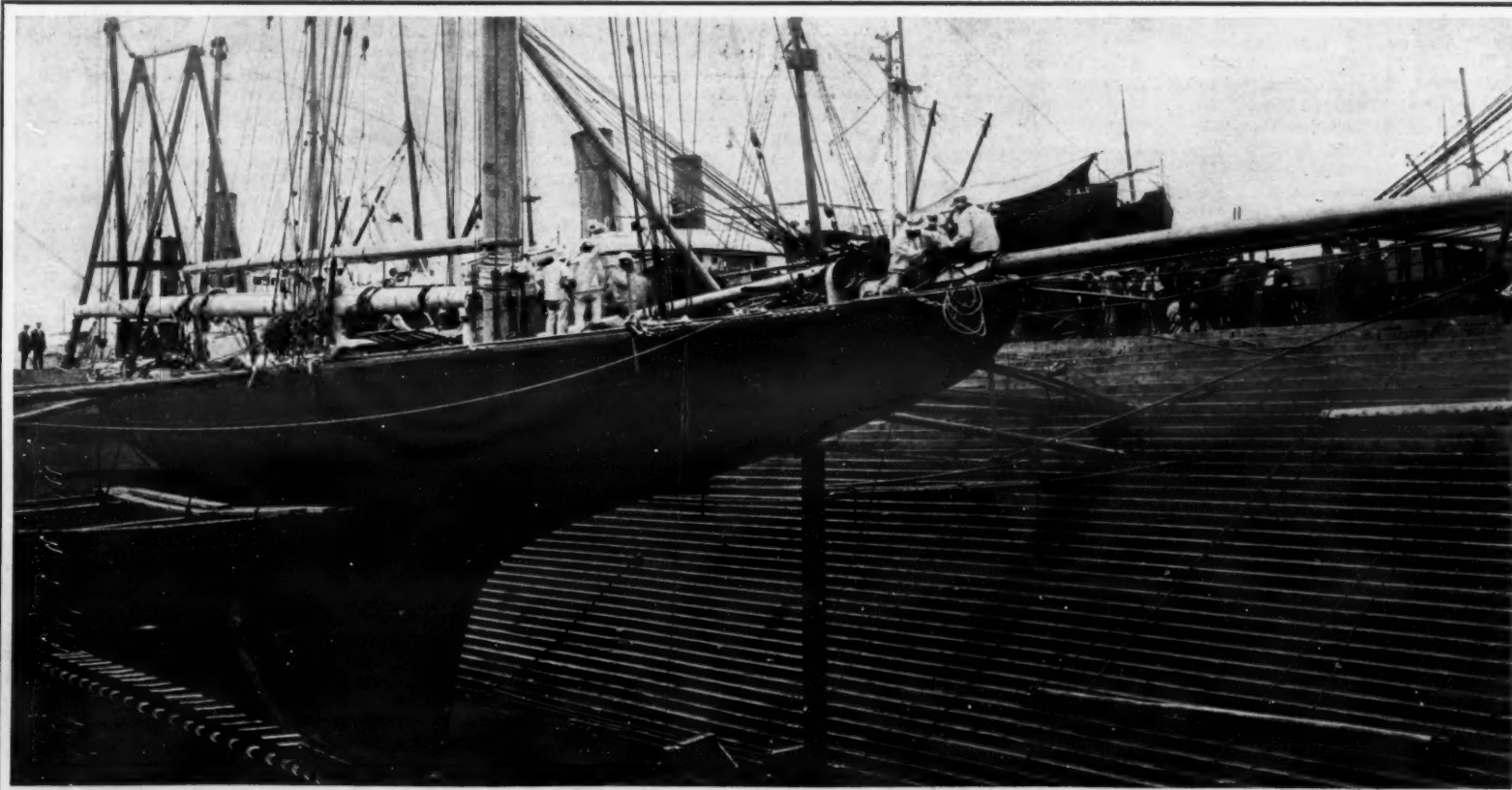
CHARLES E. DAVENPORT.



ADJUSTING THE SHAMROCK'S SHORES AND KEEL-BLOCKS BEFORE PUMPING THE WATER FROM THE DRY-DOCK.—*Photograph by R. L. Dunn.*



STERN VIEW OF THE CHALLENGER'S UNDERBODY, RESEMBLING THE OLD YANKEE SKIMMING-DISH, WITH A FIN LIKE COLUMBIA'S.



BOW VIEW OF SHAMROCK II. IN DRY-DOCK, SHOWING HER ENORMOUS FORWARD OVERHANG AND SHAPELY LINES.

SHAMROCK II.'S POWER AND BEAUTY DISCLOSED IN DRY-DOCK.

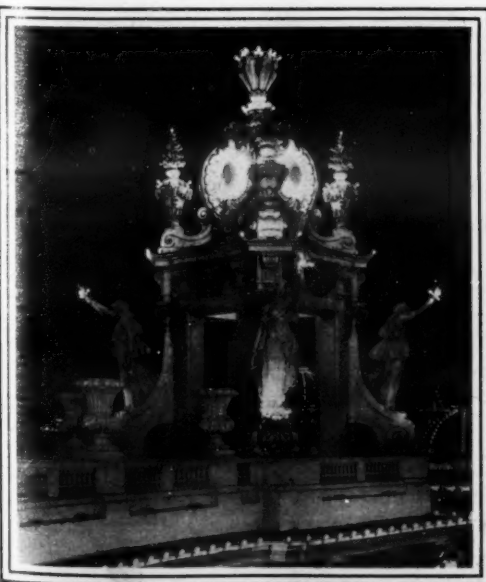
SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP SHOWS A STRONG RESEMBLANCE TO THE EARLIEST AND LATEST YANKEE MODELS.
 PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY." COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. E. BOLLES.—[SEE PAGE 194.]



THE MACHINERY BUILDING, WITH ITS THOUSANDS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.



A GLOW OF ELECTRICITY IN AND AROUND THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



ELECTRIC TOWER, SHOWING TORCH-BEARERS.

Electricity's Crowning Triumph.

MYRIADS of lights shine at night from the pinnacles, domes, and minarets of the Rainbow City and give the cluster of stuccoed buildings at the Pan-American Exposition the appearance of a fairy land. The architecture of the famous cities of the Old World and the exquisite color tints with which the Moors softened the weird exteriors of their marvelous palaces in Spain have acquired an added charm under the mystical influence of electric light. The classic buildings erected by the western lake never seemed so brilliant as they have done since this new agent came to set off the splendors of Ionic columns in the blue-and-green moonlight that sleeps on the tranquil shores of Lake Erie. And so the Pan-American Exposition, which will be remembered for its epoch-making results in the commercial history of two continents knitting the Latin-American republics more closely to the people of the United States, is even more noteworthy as a shining illustration before all the world of the great development of electricity in this country and the marvelous powers of the electric light. In no other city here or abroad could such a display be produced. The power that generates the current for lighting the exposition grounds is furnished by the mighty cataract, whose thunderous roar is only a few miles away. Niagara, harnessed as it has been, does for Buffalo, for a comparatively small expense, what no other city could afford to buy in the ordinary way.

It is estimated that it would cost \$20,000,000 to give such a continuous illumination anywhere else—that is, without Niagara.

The lighting of the buildings at night is an inspiration to all who visit the exposition. The gentle increase of the rays of light as they creep from roof to roof and pass from one pinnacle to another until the whole exposition is lighted up in a blaze of noon-day glory resembles nothing so much as a daybreak when the morning twilight increases into dawn. The extinction of the lights, so gradual and so pleasing to the eye, leaves the spectator bewildered and amazed as he stands gazing at the dim spectres of the buildings so resplendent a moment before. He returns to the spot night after night fascinated, and at last lost in reverie as the spectacle ends.

America's Lesson to the World.

THE British workmen who are coming to this country this fall to study American methods will only need to exercise ordinary intelligence to arrive at the secret of America's growing supremacy in the markets of the world. It was all disclosed in the order for American locomotives which came from Japan the other day. They were wanted because both the material and the workmanship were better than could be found elsewhere, and also because the order would be filled quickly. The best material, the best workmanship, the greatest promptness in doing business—there you have the whole case. When British manufacturers rise to our standard on these points they will get their proportionate share of the world's trade. They need not send a delegation over here to learn this. They can have the information from us gratis.

ELECTRICITY AND THE NIGHT SPLENDORS OF THE RAINBOW CITY.

THREE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.—TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY." COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. D. ARNOLD.

The Curiosities of Fig-culture.

STRANGE as it may seem, the problem of establishing the Smyrna fig in the United States is one of entomology. The annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture contains an interesting article on this subject by L. O. Howard, Ph. D., who is himself an entomologist. The fig-tree, he points out, has been grown in the Southern States for a long period, in California since as early as 1710, and as far north as the lower Hudson River valley. Success in drying figs was greatest in California because of the warm climate, but nothing was raised for years to compare in quality with the Smyrna fig of commerce. After years of experiments resulting in failure, cuttings were bought in Asia Minor with much difficulty and sent to Fresno, where they were planted in 1888 in the Fancher Creek Nursery. The importation of the wild, or caprifig, cuttings was the next step taken, which followed a tardy recognition of the fact that the Smyrna fig owes its peculiar flavor to the number of ripe seeds it contains, and that these ripe seeds are only to be gained by the fertilization of the flowers of the Smyrna with pollen derived from the wild fig, or caprifig. From time immemorial it has been known that in Oriental regions it has been the custom of the natives to break off the fruits of the wild fig, bring them to the edible fig-trees, and tie them to the limbs. From



STRINGING THE PROFICHI FIGS PREPARATORY TO THEIR DISTRIBUTION ON THE SMYRNA TREES.—By courtesy of the United States Agricultural Department.

the caprifigs thus brought in there issues a minute insect, which, covered with pollen, crawls into the flower-receptacles of the edible fig, fertilizes them, and thus produces a crop of seeds and brings about the subsequent ripening of the fruit. The careful investigations of Count Solms-Laubach and Fritz Mueller in the early 'eighties, and later those of Dr. Paul Mayer, have shown that the varieties of the wild fig, or caprifig, are the only ones that contain male organs, while the varieties of the Smyrna fig are exclusively female. In the caprifig there is said to exist in Mediterranean regions three crops of fruit—the spring crop, known as "profichi"; the second as "mammoni," and the third as "mamme," the latter remaining on the trees through the winter. The fig insects (the Oriental species being known as *blastophaga grossorum gravenhorst*) over-winter in the mamme, oviposit in the profichi, develop a generation within it, each individual living in the swelling of a gall-flower (a modified and infertile female flower), and issue from it covered with pollen, enter the young flower-receptacles of the Smyrna fig, which are at that time of the proper size, and make an attempt to oviposit in the true female flowers, fertilizing them at the same time by means of the pollen adhering to their bodies. The life-history of the insect from that time on is not well understood, but the *blastophaga* was known to occur again in the winter, or mamme, crop of figs.

Mr. George L. Roeding, son of a banker in San Francisco, artificially fertilized his young Smyrna figs in 1890 with pollen taken from caprifig flowers. The introduction of the *blastophaga* (fig-fertilizing insect) was first attempted by James Shinn, of Niles, Cal., who obtained the first specimens in July, 1891, but want of sufficient caprifigs for their propagation made the venture a failure. The Department of Agriculture took the matter up late in 1897, and Mr. Howard was put in charge of the experiment. Mr. Roeding's farm near Fresno was chosen for the purpose. Hand capricification of an orchard was finally tried successfully. That is, a force of men was employed to cut the wild or caprifigs from their trees and suspend them to the branches of the Smyrna fig-trees. These figs were laid out in trays for inspection to eliminate the worthless figs and keep only those that were pretty sure to give a good supply of insects. The stringing of the figs followed, and the distributing parties went through the orchard throwing or hanging the strings in the Smyrna trees.

Before the *blastophaga* enters the fig the fig is transverse and strongly ribbed, as shown in the three figs on the right side of the twig. The figures along the right side of the picture show the botanically ripe Smyrna fig, the cut specimens showing that stage where the female flowers secrete the largest amount of saccharine matter. The entire crop of Mr. Roeding's orchard in 1900 was estimated at from twelve to fifteen tons of good figs on the trees, all resulting from the inhabitants of less than 450 winter figs.

After the collection of the figs they were transferred to the drying-ground, dipped into a boiling brine of salt water, and placed on trays to dry. The dipping of the fig in brine is supposed to bring the sugar into the skin, hasten the drying, and make the skin pliable. After drying, the figs were placed in boxes holding 200 pounds each, where they remained for two weeks to pass through a sweat. Before packing, these were washed in cold salt-water to remove all dirt. Figs which were

over-dried, or improperly fertilized, called "dummies," rose to the top when placed in this solution. The figs were taken to one of the leading packing-houses in Fresno, where in the busy season from 200 to 300 hands are employed. The neat appearance of the women and girls, and the cleanliness observed in the handling of the fruit, are peculiar to California packing-houses, which are certainly not equaled in Smyrna.

Chemical analysis made by Professor Hilgard, of the University of California, showed that figs submitted to him by Mr. Roeding contained 1.42 per cent. more sugar than the best imported Smyrna figs. The samples Mr. Howard has received he pronounced of exceptional edibility. The flavor is delicious, and comparable to that of the imported figs, except for the lack of the slight acidity noticed in those ordinarily bought on the market, which is of a rather disagreeable quality. There seems little doubt that a great and profitable trade in these figs can be gained in the United States.

The Soldier and His Clothes.

It would not be a difficult matter to trace the victories of armies to the military tailor. Just as the subsistence officers measure the possibilities of military valor by the excellence of the military cuisine, so battles might be imagined to a successful issue by the virtue of the workmen who make apparel which shall give the soldier comfort on the march and protect him from the rigors of the climate. With this vital aspect before the army quartermasters the latter naturally give much consideration to the design and adoption of the various articles which compose the service habiliments of the soldier. Possibly the idea of a uniform began with the necessity which was felt long since by men belonging to army organizations of giving them an attire as a distinction between those who practice the trade of war and those who engage in the pursuits of peace.

The gaudiness of military trappings, which once lent splendor to the vocation, has now given way to clothing and equipment designed on the severest lines of necessity, comfort, and common sense. It has not been such an easy matter to fulfill these qualifications as might be imagined, for a good deal of coveted tradition in the clothing and equipment of soldiers had to be dishonored, and gradually the spectacular features of military dress have been abandoned in favor of something inconspicuous and serviceable. Ornamentation is of less importance than comfortable fit, and it is now considered that a lurid, decorated collar on the soldier's uniform adds nothing to his efficiency, whatever quality it may have given him as a joy to the eye. The soldier's coat is not the corset-shaped, binding thing it used to be, but is of comfortable looseness, amply equipped with capacious pockets. The government adopts standards of the quality of material to which the contractors must conform in their delivery of clothing, shoes, leather goods, and other innumerable supplies which enter into the costume of the trooper.

In recent years the question of color has come to enter into the outer garments of those who fight. Gaudy coats of red or green, or even of dark blue, are considered unsuitable for use in armies. White is, of course, the best target, while the greatest protection which has been found is afforded by an ashy-brown color, or something on the order of the khaki uniform worn by our troops in the tropics and by the British in India, from whom we have adopted the idea. The Confederate gray is nearly as inconspicuous as the favorite ashy brown. Tents also are now being made of material of this color. Other armies, such as the Russian, are using a dark-green uniform, but find the color unsuited for wintry weather, when the sombre taurine would set off the color and offer a conspicuous target. The necessary protection in such a case is given by the addition of a gray sheep-skin cap and a long overcoat of a slaty-gray color.

Burnished metal or anything which would shine in the sun is no longer used, and even the buttons are now made of a dull metal. In some of the armies the metal scabbard has been discarded in favor of one of wood covered with hard rubber. There are many technical questions involved in the selection of the soldier's uniform. They include the conduction of heat, the absorption of moisture, and the permeability of clothing. The hygiene of a soldier's apparel is the subject which engages the attention of the doctors as well as the quartermasters, and the expert in clothing must know a great deal about a wide range of subjects which in the end give the soldier a comfortable dress and at the same time a protection against attack and a preservation from the climatic variations.

The head-dress of the soldier in former times had to take into account the necessity of protection against sabre-strokes. Now the more comfortable and serviceable campaign hat of drab felt is used, and in some latitudes a straw hat. The ponderous headgear which looked like and was about as comfortable as a decorative coal-scuttle is worn now only by some armies on parade. It is a relic of the days of the monstrous shako, and has gone the way of all unserviceable military ornamentation. Coats and trousers are now cut with the view to absolute comfort and the untrammelled use of the limbs. In our army the troops are allowed to wear varied styles of clothing, according to the climate in which they are serving. Thus at some posts a summer uniform of white cotton duck is issued, while heavier apparel is used by the troops in Alaska. An important feature of the soldier's dress is the foot gear, and great

care is exercised in the selection of material for stockings as well as the shoes, for it is most important that the soldier be not crippled by defective foot-gear. There is a science in the care of the soldier's feet, and the X-ray has come in to aid in the solution of the problem.

It is of vital importance that the soldier's equipment be not too extensive, lest in giving him all that luxury might suggest he might be burdened on the march with unnecessary and disastrous weight. So it has come to be a very nice question where to establish the limit which the soldier should carry as most essential to his welfare. The American soldier on the march carries in clothing, arms, equipment, three days' rations, and equipage a trifle more than seventy-four pounds, a greater weight than is borne by the infantryman of other armies, and a greater weight than the army surgeons say is desirable from a hygienic point of view.

Those clothing scientists who are also military strategists say that the existing problem is in the reduction of the soldier's burden, that he may not be impeded on the march, and that he may go into battle with a vigor unimpaired by an excess of weight, under which he must now struggle. Our troops in Cuba, disheartened by lack of transportation, wearied by a trackless country, and broken by the tropical heat, adopted the radical remedy, which must have cost some of them subsequent keen regret, of throwing away a good deal of equipment with which they were laden, so that those who followed the army could trace its progress by the rejected clothing and equipage.

A kindred subject is that of disposing of the burden so as to allow the soldier a freedom of movement without the distress of faulty distribution of weight. All sorts of devices have been invented for carrying the soldier's equipment, but it was an accident of stern necessity which led to the adoption of the present blanket-roll. The great, cumbersome, heavy boxes known as knapsacks, borne by our soldiers in the Civil War, would sometimes be discarded in a dire extremity of fatigue, and in such cases a few necessary articles were taken from the boxes and wrapped in the blanket, the ends of which were tied together. Now the soldier rolls his supplies in the useful blanket, which he slings over his shoulder, while a further convenience is a blanket-bag which holds the articles and equipment, and which is carried in the blanket. General Merriam, of our army, invented a bag which bears his name, and which has been successfully tested in the service.

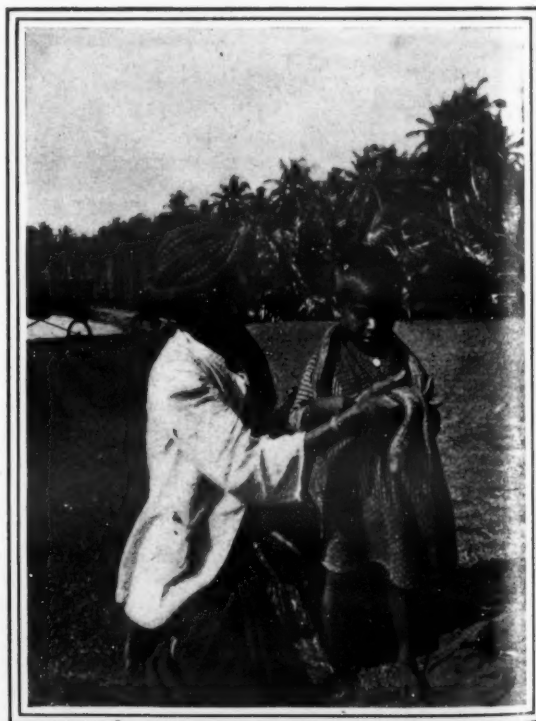
Akin to this subject of equipment is the mess outfit which the soldier must carry. An ingenious device is now used which embraces in a compact canvas-covered bundle a tin cup, knife, fork, spoon, canteen, plate, and two cooking utensils. The articles are made of aluminum, and the whole is an ingenious combination of a somewhat extensive culinary outfit. There are those who continually have a thought to the improvements in military forms and equipments, but it is doubtful if the next fifty years will show the same progress made in the last fifty years with regard to the comfort and serviceability of the clothing of the men who do our fighting. J. E. JENKS.

A Woman's Visit to Colombo.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

COLOMBO, July 10th, 1901.—About five o'clock we saw the light-houses which showed us we were nearing the beautiful island of Ceylon. I thought of the words of the old hymn so attractive to me in my childhood days:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
And every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.



A SNAKE-CHARMER AND HIS SON.

Someway I am reluctant to quote the concluding line after the day spent in Colombo. It is difficult to realize what cruelties were formerly practiced in this beautiful island of the Indian Ocean. It was too late to enter the harbor that night, so we anchored outside the breakwater wall and awakened at the sound of native boys singing "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay." Hastening our toilet we stood on the lower promenade deck looking out upon a strange scene. Close to the ship were swarms of black boys in narrow canoes, their sleek bodies glistening in the sun. Some were sitting cross-legged in their boats, just wide enough to hold

them, others standing in their wiggling canoes singing the once-popular American catch-song and clapping their bent arms at the elbow against their bodies or their hands in time to the music. Suddenly they stopped singing and began their pleading for diving-money. "Di, di, di; ten cents. All right," and when no one responded a little fellow about four or five years said "Di, di, di; five cents. All right, all right." The money then began to drop both from upper and lower deck, and out of the canoes went the brown bodies, and if the fortunate ones came with the silver in their teeth—where else could they hold it?—their breech-cloths did not have pockets—and deftly climbed into their canoes, the clamor began again. The little fellow was a great favorite both with the passengers and the natives themselves, who seemed to give him an advantage over the rest.

One thing I noticed that made me feel these brown creatures were kin to white people; as they swam beneath the water the bottoms of their feet were white, a strange contrast to their brown, sometimes black, bodies.

Suddenly a black head peered over the railing, and a slim body sat astride putting out his hands, saying, "Di, di, di; ten cents, all right," and the money being thrown into the water down went the diver into the sea, while yet another one dropped from the promenade deck above, in like pursuit of the silver. At first I shuddered to see this done, as the German steamer *Prinzess Irene* stands very high out of water, but I learned to think of them rather as fish or water animals than as human beings.

After breakfast we took a large row-boat and went on shore. The ship was now anchored inside the breakwater. Formerly travelers were brought on shore in baskets by natives through the surf, now we ride at ease into safe anchorage, while the surf roars and tosses its white mane above the breakwater a short distance from us. The Oriental Hotel was a short walking distance from our landing-place, and we were soon seated on the veranda and being entertained by a snake-charmer. Taking carriages we were surrounded by beautiful little Indian boys, who offered flowers to the "beautiful lady," hoping for small coins in exchange for flattery and flowers. We first drove along the red sandstone road by the beach, over which one long reach of surf followed another in ceaseless succession; then we turned into a road shaded by all kinds of tropical trees, many of them fruit trees, as the banana, coconut, mango, yam, and other kinds to me unknown.

Flowers of every color, shade, and variety grew most luxuriously among the ferns or upon vines which intertwined the branches of the trees or crept over the low eaves of the native houses. Upon the porches of these houses sat old people and babies seeming alike happy, the one in their first, the other in their second childhood. The old people looked very old, their gray beards and hair in contrast with their black and shrunken faces, but kindly eyes looked out from beneath the long eyelashes and burly eyebrows. Occasionally we passed a bungalow used by foreigners, thatched with brown and red earthen tiles, shaded by palms, with a grassy lawn sweeping down to the sea. There were palms everywhere, long lines of palms, sociable groups of palms, and solitary palms, the last seemingly the most beautiful. The names on the bungalow gates gave a large number to the Scotch, as Bannockburn, and others of like national prominence. One of them refreshed us by its very name, as by this time it was very warm, Icicle Hall. We passed native shops displaying tropical fruits, open as in China and Japan, but, unlike the former, displaying very little fresh or dried meats. There were, however, strange-looking dried and fresh fish, and the fruit and vegetable shops were very attractive.

Little boys followed our carriages, especially gathering about us as we were delayed at the toll-house, begging, in soft, musical, caressing voices, for money. They sang in a sweet sing-song way these words: "I owe my grandmother three pennies," "I owe my grandmother three pennies," "I owe my grandmother three pennies," repeating each plea in three lines as if it were a triplet verse of song. Later it was "I owe my uncle three pennies," then, "I am very hungry." "Please give me some money, beautiful lady." The women brought their babies to hold up to us, some of them with exquisite faces. One child about four was most beautiful. It was difficult to refuse his pleading voice. The native children have soft, brown, loving eyes and beautiful regular features. I longed to have one of these babies carved in ebony; then as I looked at them I knew neither marble nor ebony, nothing but flesh and blood, could do these brown beauties justice. They were naked save for strings of colored beads around arms, neck, wrists, and ankles.

It would be a pity to clothe them, if only they could remain babies. I would have liked to take one home with me for a pet and plaything or a piece of living statuary. What a pity they must grow old and haggard, and that so soon! After two hours' ride we reached Mount Lavinia Hotel. This hotel is built on a rocky promontory, and below the surf rolls up on the wide sandy beach or beats upon the rocks, while in the distance are long lines of palms bordering the sea. We were again entertained by a snake-charmer, and for a bit of silver he and his little boy posed for us to take a picture. For our *tiffin* we were served by Indian servants and given most delicious mangoes, pineapples, and other tropical fruits. Our ride home in the cool of the afternoon was even more delightful than the morning ride. It was Sunday, and we passed groups of natives going both to Episcopal and Wesleyan Methodist churches. They were well dressed and well behaved, and the small churches looked very attractive.

The one peculiarity I most noticed was the extreme cheerfulness of the people. Even the beggars look their prettiest, use their sweetest words, in softest voices, with smiles and laughs as they beg for their grandmothers. So different from the Chinese beggars; nothing repulsive, everything winning, the people gracious. The groups of people on their way to the churches were very intelligent-looking, and I had the feeling that missionary work in Ceylon was well worth the cost. The beauty of the scenery is beyond words, hence I make no attempt to give other than a glimpse in word and picture of its beauty. It seemed to me more like a vision of heaven than of earth. If tropical beauty could be brought to such a state of perfection without the noon-day heats, then would Ceylon be indeed a paradise. Of course, being a visitor of but a day, I have the advantage over those who make Colombo, Ceylon, a

study during years of residence, for, as in the words of the hymn, "Every prospect pleases," and I neither saw nor I fear desire to see or know of the sin, poverty, and consequent suffering which as the deadly upas may overshadow its seemingly happy people.

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

When the Last Car Goes.

QUESTION—"How late did you sit on the piazza?"
ANSWER—"My friend went home at half-past ten in the evening."
Q—"Did you look at the clock when he left?"
A—"No; but I know when the last car goes."—From Miss Mabel Chapin's testimony in the Fosbury trial.

OUT on the porch, where the clambering vines
Scatter the tender light that shines
From the golden moon, and it trickles through
The fragrance of flowers in honey dew
To drop with a smile on man and maid,
Trysting there in the friendly shade,
Life is a joy, and each one knows
Sorrow only

When
the
last
car
goes.

They sit in the misty silence, still
As the star that crowns the distant hill;
Heart speaks to heart, hand speaks to hand,
In the voiceless language they understand,
And tell the story as old as time,
The same old story in every clime,
The mystic music of soul that knows
Discord only

When
the
last
car
goes.

Up where the north wind storms along,
Down where the south wind sings its song,
Far in the East, where the rising sun
Starts for the West, where its course is done;
In every spot where the human heart
Does for the world its better part;
In cold December, in balmy June,
By the crackling fire or the mellow moon
It's the same old joy, and each one knows
Sorrow only

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Man's Wonderful Physique.

THE feats of endurance which the well-trained man can accomplish will continue to be a source of wonder to the dyspeptic, who husbands his comfort at the expense of his health and happiness. There is no more striking example of the endurance of man than the present paced bicycle races, which have become so popular throughout the country. Records are going by the board every day, and yet the rider jumps from his wheel after finishing a fifty-mile race in record time, bows politely to the cheering thousands, and runs nimbly to his training quarters, breathing freely, with temperature almost normal, and none the worse, after a good rubdown and hearty meal, than the spectators who have watched the feat in comfort from their reserved seats in the grand stand. It was only the other day that a world's record for one mile was made in the first mile of a 35-mile race. Such a performance in a race of that distance would have been considered foolhardy and suicidal in the sporting world a few years ago. Now an advantage gained in the early part of a race means much to competitors so evenly matched. Suppose a horse or any other animal was put through such a test? Start a man either on foot or on a bicycle, and if the distance is far enough he will beat out the horse. And speaking of the horse, the tendency of the average owner to-day seems to be to train his breadwinner for sprinting only. So many races of that sort are held nowadays that the long-distance contests are dying out. Sprints are quick-gambling propositions, and that is what the majority seems to want. Neither the Suburban nor the Brooklyn Handicap was the great race this year that it had been in the past, and yet the distance is only one and a quarter miles. The Brighton Cup, 2¼ miles, was simply a farce, only two horses starting for this rich prize, although second place was worth a cool thousand dollars. Owners stumble over each other in their efforts to enter their horses in sprints of five-eighths to three-quarters of a mile, while the distance events are practically ignored. The result will be that we will have a grand army of sprinters among our thoroughbreds with not a popular idol or a really great race-horse among the whole lot. The old four-mile heat races, so popular a few years ago, which attracted many thousand spectators to the race-courses, probably could not secure an entry if featured at any track to-day. It simply shows that the average owner is more solicitous of his animal friend than he is of himself. Take the owner of a rich kennel off on a shooting trip having with him half a dozen of his best pointers and setters. He will work his bird dogs in pairs on alternate days although he is sure to have favorites and would prefer to have with him two particular dogs every day if he were not afraid of injuring them by overwork. And yet the man will hunt right on every day for several weeks at a time and never feel any the worse for it. He almost breaks the heart of every dog left in its kennel every time he shoulders his gun and starts for the fields and woods. Of course the dog travels much farther each day than the man, but the uninitiated would think that two healthy dogs would be able to wear out any hunter.

Cresceus, King of Trotters.

AMONG the world's new wonders the foremost place is held to-day by Cresceus, the king of trotters. This mild-eyed, tawny-maned, cumbersome stallion, who has the heavy limbs and chunky look of a plow-horse, broke the world's record for an actual trotting-race at Brighton Beach recently, and defeated The Abbot, his only rival for trotting supremacy, in a superb contest. It kept the interest of 20,000 or more spectators at a white heat, which broke out in a mighty shout of spontaneous admiration when the winner passed under the line. Not only was the world's race record broken by the first heat of Cresceus, trotted in 2.03¼, but the great horse covered the first quarter in 30¼ seconds, a feat which was pronounced marvelous by all horsemen, who do not expect to see it beaten for years to come.

The race was the fastest ever trotted both as a whole and in each of its quarters. Cresceus did the first quarter in 30¼, the half in 1.01¼, the three-quarter pole in 1.32¼, and the mile in 2.03¼. The Abbot was a good match for his mighty conqueror, and recovered on the homestretch much of what he lost at first by the speed-burst of Cresceus in the first quarter. His nose was almost up to the neck of the winning driver, when Cresceus ended his never-to-be-forgotten mile. In the second heat, however, The Abbot's lack of stamina renewed the astonishment of his backers, but in another way. He was beyond the distance flag, and completely used up when Cresceus finished, and the purse of \$12,000 was given to the victor without another heat. The rhythmic strides of the world beater, as his hoofs came down on the brown track like trip-hammers, had never been excelled in precision.

His wonderful performance makes it probable that Cresceus will yet trot a mile in two minutes, and mark an epoch in the trotting annals of the world which will not be equaled again in many years, if it ever is excelled.

The "Maine" from a Cash Point.

FEW persons have realized that the Cuban claims commission, of which ex-Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, is chairman, has the extraordinary powers conferred upon it by Congress. Its numerous duties include the reopening of certain subjects which Americans generally thought had been settled forever by the war with Spain and the signing of the treaty of Paris. The most prominent of these was the question of responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine*, which everybody supposed had become a dead issue after the great sea fights of Manila Bay and Santiago. This country, of course, released Spain from the payment of individual claims which Americans might possibly have brought against her by reason of the battle-ship's loss. A number of claims of this kind have been filed with the State Department, and Senator Chandler's commission is to decide whether the government shall pay them.

Two important questions arise in this connection. The first is whether, in the case of a national ship, any claim whatever for private damages arises. The national claim, of course, was totally distinct, and the treaty of peace settled it finally and for all time. If all private claims were included in the national claim the whole matter could be quickly and easily disposed of.

On the other hand, if it is decided that the officers and men who composed the crew of the battle ship would have had just personal claims against the Spanish government in case it was responsible for the destruction of the ship, it will become necessary for the commission to decide whether Spain was so responsible for the explosion on the *Maine*. This she has always stoutly denied. How her guilt can be proved, or her innocence established, if the question must be raised, without causing an unpleasant international episode, affords ex-Senator Chandler and his associates much room for study.

The Alabama Negro Progressing.

THE last census report shows that in Alabama the total voting population has gained 0.1 per cent. in literacy. The white voting population has gained 3.1 per cent., and the negro voting population has gained 7.3 per cent., showing a much more rapid advance by the negro than by the white voter.

Facing the Imperial Castle

in Berlin stands the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, with a magnificent front both Unter den Linden and Charlotten Strasse. It is an ideal hotel of about 150 rooms, remodeled and refurnished at considerable expense in 1900. The original family still owns and runs the house on the historical lines of generous hospitality and absolute fairness of treatment. The rooms are high, large, with ample light and good cheer. The public rooms are very attractive indeed, and the restaurant—a series of picturesque dining-rooms—runs in a semicircle around the beautiful palm-garden, which attracts many natives and many more from abroad. As a matter of fact, the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* is still the annex, as it were, of the Emperor's castle, and those of the Kaiser's visitors who cannot be accommodated at the "Schloss" are lodged at this hotel. The more select and refined tourist prefers this hotel and, above all, the picturesque restaurant, where he is sure to find an epicurean table, a faultless service, very rare and always reliable wines, and, above all, an equitable treatment. The reputation of this house has led all others for the past half a century, and it continues still as one of the select hotels which has a sort of club-like character, and to mention it as your residence is to have a well-known club printed on your visiting card.

If You are Tired

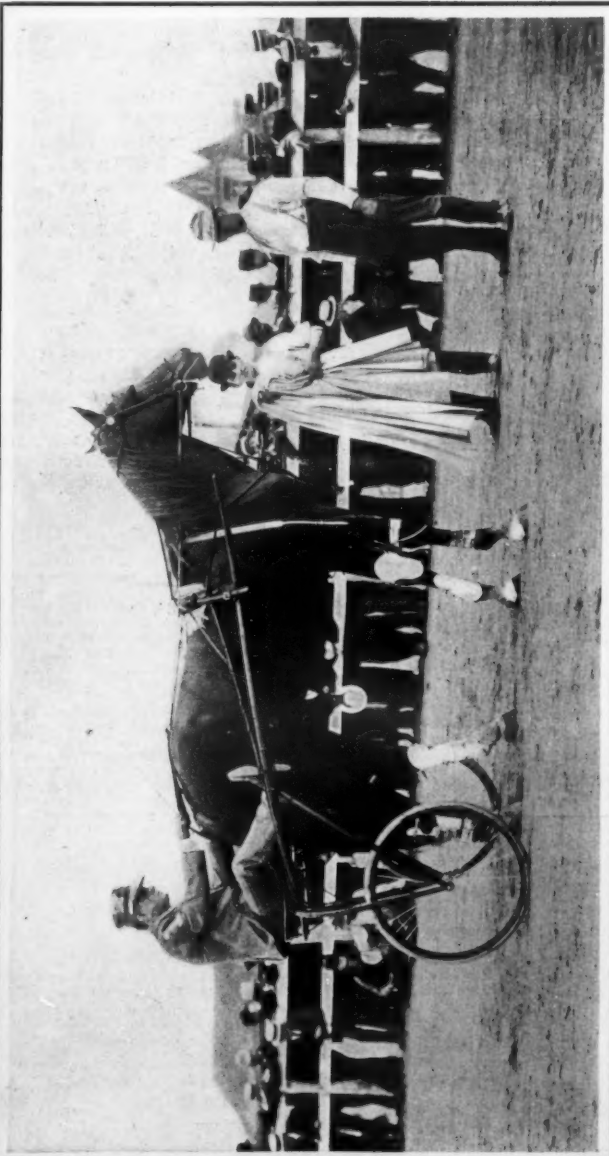
USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. M. H. HENRY, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me."

If health is wealth, riches are yours if you use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

A Good Milk

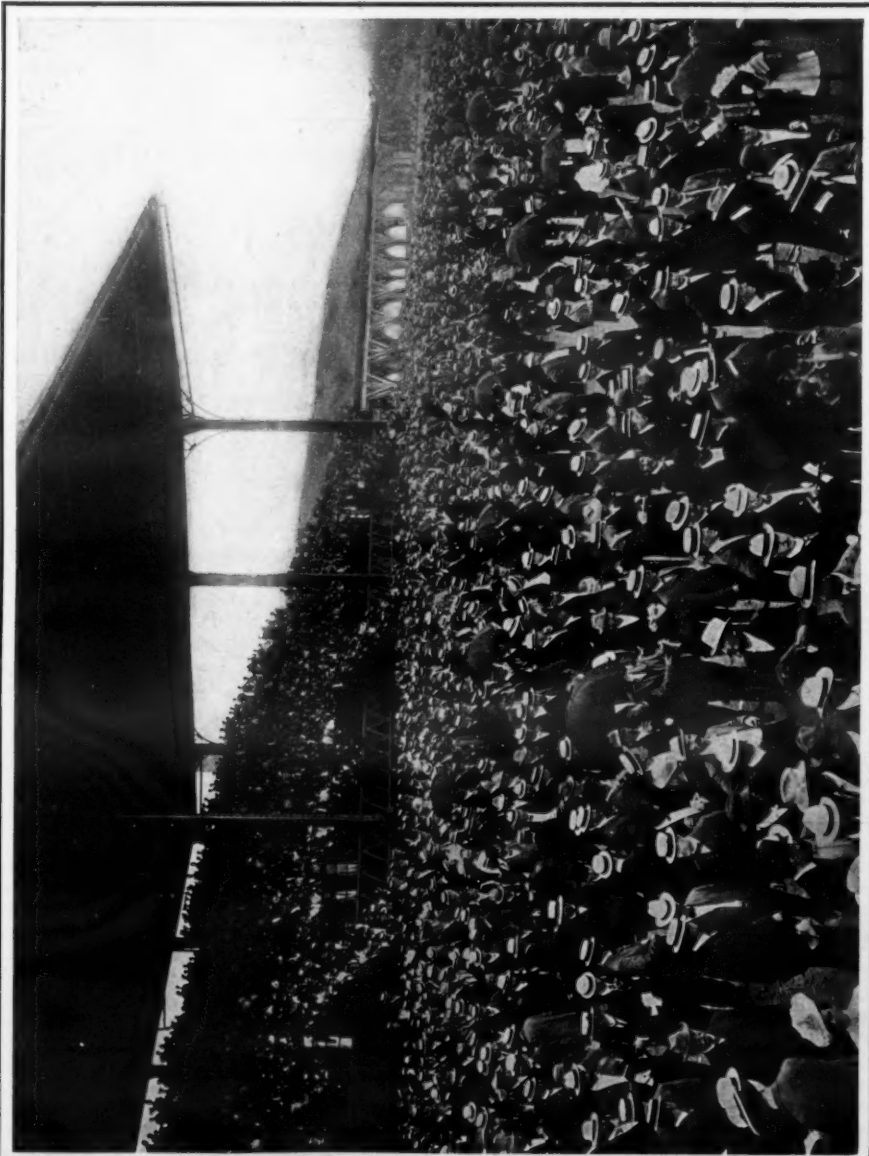
for infant-feeding is a mixed cow's milk, from herds of native breeds. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk herds are properly housed, scientifically fed, and are constantly under trained inspection. Avoid unknown brands.



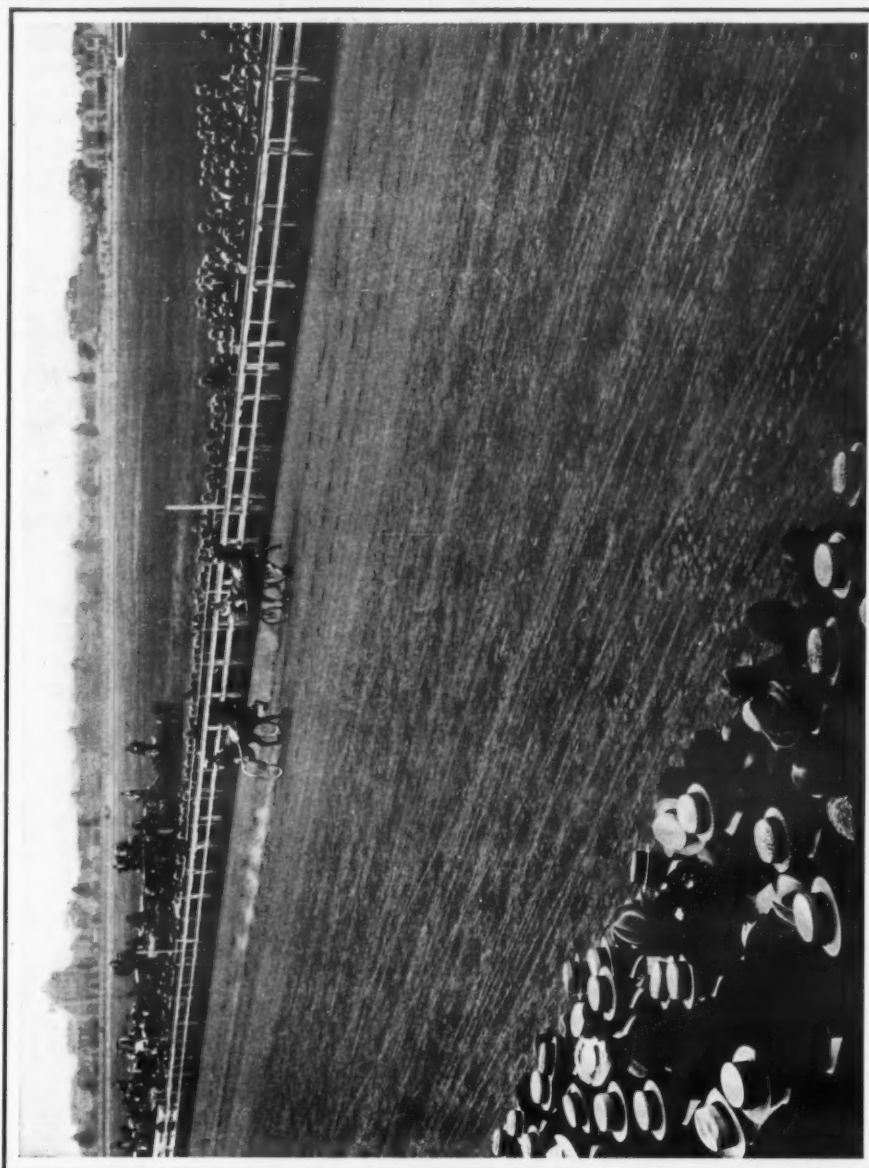
CRESCUEUS, JUST AFTER HIS GREAT VICTORY, DRIVEN BY HIS OWNER, GEORGE H. KETCHAM.



THE FAMOUS ABBOT GOING TO THE POST, ED GEERS DRIVING.



THE BIGGEST CROWD EVER KNOWN AT THE BRIGHTON BEACH TRACK.



CRESCUEUS NEAR THE END OF HIS FEAT IN LOWERING THE WORLD'S RECORD.

TWENTY THOUSAND SPECTATORS WITNESS THE GREATEST TROTting-RACE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF ARTIST, R. L. DUNN.—[SEE PAGE 101.]



MISS BEULAH LOUISE PUGH.



MISS ALICE CASTLEMAN.



MISS MARY JEWELL WATKINS.



MISS GRACE WATERS.



MISS JESSIE NORTON.



MISS EDITH TERRY.



MISS WINTER.



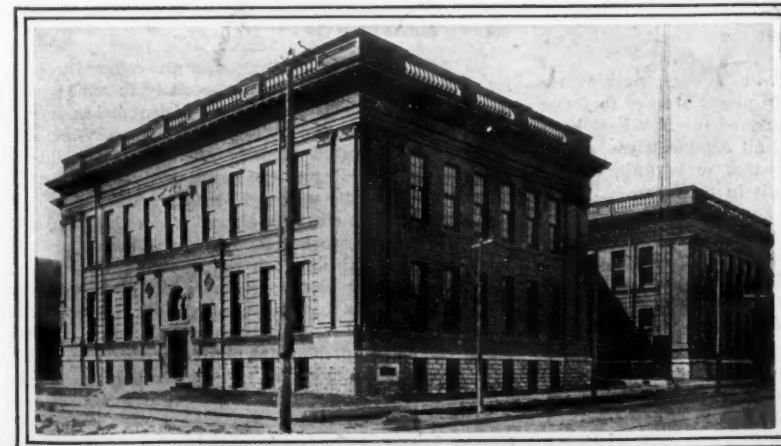
MISS CARRIE RIEKE.



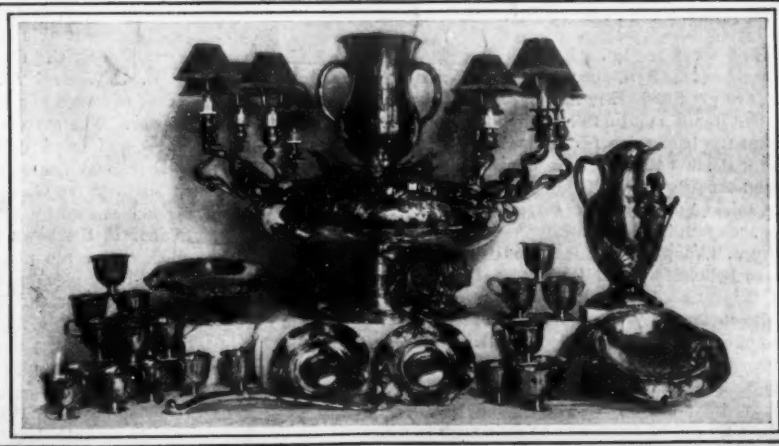
MISS LIZZETTE BLANTON DICKSON.



MISS FRANCES DUKE.



GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, WHERE GRAND ENCAMPMENT SESSION WILL BE HELD.



FIRST-PRIZE TROPHY, BANQUET SERVICE, TO BE GIVEN IN COMPETITIVE DRILL.

LOVELY WOMEN WHO GRACED A GREAT EVENT—A SMALL FORTUNE IN PRIZES.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS IN LOUISVILLE, KY.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 194.]

TWENTY THOUSAND SPECTATORS WITNESS THE GREATEST TROTTER-RACE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF ARTIST, R. L. DUNN.—[SEE PAGE 191.]

Exhilaration of Black-bass Fishing in Maine.

KINEO, ME., August 26th, 1901.—The sportsman who has never taken a small-mouthed black bass with the fly has missed a precious angling experience, and never to have visited Belgrade Lakes, Maine, is to be unfamiliar with what is, without doubt, the finest black-bass fishing in the world. No fresh-water fish that swims has as much savage, dogged fight in him per pound as the bass, and in no other waters are the fish as plentiful or ready to take either the natural or the artificial lure as at Belgrade.

From the moment the sharp splash on the water announces that the bass has taken the fly until, tired out, he comes reluctantly to the net, the sportsman has his hands full. Again and again the determined fellow seems to be on the verge of exhaustion only to rally and take out more line, or make a frantic leap straight up into the air and shake himself viciously in an attempt to rid his mouth of the hook. There is a something about this leap which invariably follows the strike, and occurs frequently during the contest, which makes the heart of even the most hardened veteran flutter, and to see three magnificent fish all upon one leader go into the air at the same time, is an experience never to be forgotten, and which no other fresh-water fishing gives.

The bass is not as graceful and as gamy a fighter as the land-locked salmon, but he is far more savage and determined, and he takes the fly readily, a thing very rare, generally speaking, in the silver-skinned fighter. The bass is not as graceful, clean cut, and sporty in his methods, nor as keen and alert in perception as the speckled trout, but taken all in all, he is a fish that any true sportsman will never tire of taking. From point of beauty the trout and salmon are superior, but the bass is an excellent table fish, not as good as the trout, to be sure, but better than the salmon. Few fish, however, make handsomer mounted trophies, the tough, dark skin of the bass making the work of the taxidermist easy.

Then again, the fearlessness of the bass cannot but command admiration, and there is a tinge of real sentiment in the way they protect their spawn and young. After the eggs are deposited the mother bass lies over the nest until the spawn is hatched. A bass will not eat bass spawn or fry, although it is very fond of the offspring of other fish in their various younger stages; but pickerel, trout, and sunfish are always on the lookout for dainty morsels, and it is against these natural enemies that the mother-bass defends her little ones. Let one of these fish approach and she attacks it fiercely and relentlessly, seldom failing in her effort to drive it away. When the fry get large enough to swim about, the mother moves about over the territory through which the fry are scattered, making a patrol, as it were. When a school of little bass is seen all that is necessary to make the mother appear is to throw a chip or stone among them. At a splash she will dart quickly out from some unseen quarter and survey the ground. This trait is, without doubt, responsible for the marvelous increase which the bass make in favorable waters, and under the wise protective laws existing at Belgrade it would seem that the bassing must remain practically as it is for an indefinite period.

Generally speaking, Belgrade Lakes have been known to the sportsman but a very few years. The fish were there years ago, so plentiful that the natives took them by the tons and shipped them in barrels to the Boston markets; but it was not until the spring of 1899 that the attention of the sporting world was called to the place through the energy of Charles A. Hill, the manager of the handsome new sportsman's hotel, The Belgrade, which opened that year.

The territory is extensive. The hotel overlooks Long Lake, some four miles long, and above it, but a minute's walk across the road, is Great Lake, considerably larger. The fishing is everywhere. Emptying into Long Lake are two streams which make quick water, from which an unlimited number of fish may be taken. During the height of fly-fishing one may literally follow the shore of the pond around its entire circumference and take handsome fish all the way, although, of course, some places excel others.

The sportsman who wishes to explore or camp out will not be disappointed. Crooked Pond, ten miles away, offers exceptional bass-fishing and good salmon and white-perch fishing. Tossey Pond and Carleton ponds, the same distance away, are famous for their bass-fishing, and North Pond, an equal distance, has bass and white perch. At East Pond, eight miles, are white perch; at Ellis Pond, six miles, salmon, trout, and white perch; at Salmon Pond, six miles, salmon; and at McGrath Pond, eight miles, trout, salmon, and white perch. Mercer Stream, six miles away, a tributary of the Sandy River, offers fine brook fishing for trout. The spring trolling for trout in the Belgrade Lakes is good. Many big trout and some pickerel are taken, but it is mainly for bass, owing to the superiority of this sport, that the sportsman should visit Belgrade.

The first trout fishing begins with the going out of the ice in April and lasts until October 15th; five months of fishing, good fishing, are promised. Fly-fishing begins early in June and is at its best for a month following. That means that during that time the bass come fast enough to dazzle the visitor who comes for the first time; triples, double, any number. During July and August fishing is good—that is, all the law allows may be taken morning and night. The first two weeks of September are counted fine fly-fishing.

Many well-known trout-flies take bass well, notably the Parachenee Belle, Montreal, Brown Hackle, and Silver Doctor, but at Belgrade a bass-fly, the Kitson—red body and hackle and yellow wings—is a lure that all pin their faith upon. Next in point of estimation is the Colonel Fuller—yellow body, hackle and wings, with a spot of red on the wings. Other popular flies are the Seth Green, St. Patrick's, Red Ibis, Wilson, and many more have their admirers. The regular trout fly rod will do, but a bass fly rod of from five to six ounces in weight is most used, with twenty-five yards of E line and a steel reel. In trolling twice as much line should be used, with a rod weighing from seven to eight ounces and a multiplying reel. The size of hooks on which flies are tied run from two to six, the smaller ones being used early in the season.

Bait-fishing is always good, and an almost unlimitable number of fish may be taken at any time, rain or shine, warm or cold, and to catch a bass upon a light rig with any kind of bait is an achievement. The same cannot be said of any other fresh-water fish. The bass of Belgrade seem always hungry, always feeding. The fish range in weight from one to five pounds.

Trotting is depended on early in the season, but later, when the fish are congregated, still-fishing is the method most employed. Light tackle and rods are generally used, because the lighter the outfit the more the sport. Minnows, which may be bought for prices varying from twenty to twenty-five cents a dozen, are the best bait. They are placed on the hook by hooking them through the fleshy part of the back just below the dorsal fin, thrown out as far as possible and left to sink down and swim about. A dead minnow seems to have no attraction for the bass, but these live ones never fail to interest them.

First comes a faint nibble, then a jerk or two, and a bit of loose line is taken out. "Not yet," calls the guide, as you are about to strike. "Wait until I tell you." Another nibble, a sharp jerk or two, which makes the end of a light rod dance up and down, and then the line cuts the water sharply. "Soak him!" yells the guide with positive glee, his eyes sparkling, and you "soak." The first time the rod parts at the second joint, but after a while you get the knack of it and manage to keep the rod intact, but it takes some time for the novice to understand just what to do with the demon on the end of the line. Out of the water he goes, minnows and worms fly into the air from his mouth, and nine times out of ten the hook goes with them. Then again, you hold him "too hard" or don't hold in "hard enough," and always with the same result. Then you strike "too hard" or "too light," and all the while the guide smiles at your discomfiture and makes up his mind for the tenthousandth time that there is no fish in the world like the bass of Belgrade.

Live frogs are effective bait at times. They are caught and kept alive, and may be purchased for a cent apiece. They are hooked through the lips and thrown into the water, where they swim about twice as natural as in life, for the pain of the hook gives them new vigor. Angle-worms are good bait, but not generally used, being regarded as the pot-hunters' weapon. From the middle of July on, grasshoppers, which may be bought for seventy-five cents a hundred, are used. They are taken and kept alive and hooked lightly to the hook, so as not to kill them. No sinker is used, and they are cast upon the water, where they swim naturally. This is as near fly-fishing with bait as it is possible to have it, and extreme delicacy is necessary to cast this bait without tearing the hopper from the hook.

Just a word about Belgrade guides. Those I know guide because they love to fish; because they never tire catching bass or seeing others take them. For just this reason I consider them the best fishing guides I have ever seen. There are many good ones in the place, but I am only giving the names of the oldest ones, the majority of whom were born and raised about the place, and know the lakes and streams like a book. Among them are: Linnie N. Morrill, John P. A. W. Morrill, George Fowler, Alger Farnham, Alton Farnham, George Brand, Fred Boynton, Charles Watson, Walter Lord, Ernest Foster.

The guide's pay is \$3 a day, which includes use of boat, or \$2.50 a day without boat. Most of the guides are supplied with good fishing outfits, and should the sportsman have an opportunity to run down to Belgrade without his outfit he would get along very comfortably, but, of course, fishing is not fishing with some other person's tackle. The sportsman will want a guide. No sportsman thinks of getting along without one if he can afford it, but Belgrade is one of the places where a guide is not a necessity. The fishing points may be readily discovered and the fisherman may have his fill of fishing, alone in his own boat.

The rates at The Belgrade are \$3 a day. There are numerous supply-stores in town, two mails daily are received, and there is telegraph and long-distance telephone connection with the outside world. During the season the eight A. M. train out of Boston reaches Belgrade station shortly after one P. M. A six-mile drive along a road bordered with beautiful scenery lands one at the hotel in another hour. Never before have I seen such an abundance of daisies and buttercups as lined this road during June, and the air is fragrant with the perfume of myriads of wild roses.

HERBERT L. JILLSON.

The Powerful Shamrock II.

NOTHING that was said by English critics about Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II.* could give Americans any such idea of the new yacht's chances to carry the America's Cup home with her as they obtained by a few moments' opportunity to inspect the vessel. It was the boat's hull above water that made the first impression in this country. With an underbody to correspond, every one predicted a great racer, faster by far than the *Shamrock I.* and possibly a boat able to defeat the defender—whether the *Constitution* or the *Columbia* is chosen.

When the *Shamrock II.* went in dry-dock, nothing remained except to see her spars in place in order to judge of her power. The extreme beauty of the new boat both above water and below delighted all American yachtsmen who saw her, and she was compared to advantage with the most shapely vessels ever built in this country. And the criticisms passed by experts have also been favorable. She is leaner in the bows than the American yachts, but they splash water too much sometimes, so that an easy entrance will be a pleasing change, even if the challenger's bows do not give her the lifting power so conspicuous in the other yachts. Her fin is of immense strength. Her width is misleading, however, and does not look the twenty-five feet six inches given in the yachting papers. She has, as a whole, no corners or edges and is a beautiful aggregation of curves. Whether she will win the cup or not people have only just begun to guess, but whatever merit she may show in racing, her hull is a living testimonial to the superiority of the old Yankee "skimming-dish" design, the result of New England's aptitude and skill. How correct it was the latest experiments abroad with models in tanks have shown to the scientific world.

A Grand Conclave in Louisville.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

LOUISVILLE, KY., August 28th, 1901.—When the final chapter of Kentucky history is written it will close a volume wherein woman will be a chief character. The large number of wives of Templars who attended the Twenty-eighth Triennial Conclave in Louisville the last week of August was noteworthy. A Ladies' Committee of 650 members, with Colonel William Ryan as chairman, arranged a programme of entertainment especially designed for the visiting ladies. One of the innovations was a reviewing stand on the route of the big parade to be occupied exclusively by women.

At the grand ball in Confederate Hall, Thursday night of Conclave week, one of the matrons of honor was Mrs. J. C. W. Beckham, the Governor's bride of a few months. Among the famous Kentucky belles who acted as maids of honor at the ball were Misses Alice Castleman, Jessie Norton, Lillie Annie Winter, Frances Duke, Bessie Wymond, and Grace Waters. Half a decade ago Miss Castleman went to New York and returned home with the honors of the Patriarch's Ball.

Two imposing decorative features were the quadruple electric arch at the intersection of Fourth Avenue and Broadway and the court of honor in Jefferson, between Fifth and Sixth. The former was eighty-nine feet high and surmounted by a revolving cross and crown, one of the most admired of the Templar emblems. The court of honor consisted of twenty-four white pillars on either side of the street, decked with tropical plants and palms, which were connected by strands of roses and cut flowers. It was more beautiful than the arch itself.

After a lapse of eighteen years competitive drills were again introduced into the programmes of Triennial Conclaves of Knights Templar. Eight commanderies were entered in the contests—seven in the infantry and one in the mounted. A libation set of twenty-five pieces was given as the second prize. A beautiful sterling centrepiece rewarded the third prize winner in the drills. A massive punch bowl was awarded to the winner of the prize in the mounted commandery drill. The cost of the five trophies was \$7,600.

The Great Steel Strike.

THE progress of the steel strike during the month of August was an entire surprise to everybody. It was thought that an agreement had been reached and that there would be peace between labor and capital, but at the last moment another disruption occurred and the strike went on. As usual, the head of the labor movement came in for a great deal of criticism, and there were many reports that he would be superseded in his work, but it happened that wherever he went to address people interested in the troubles, he was met by thousands. The illustrations which we publish in this number show this fact better than any words could describe. President Shaffer is seen walking in the parade and addressing an enormous crowd of more than 20,000 people. A workingmen's parade in Wheeling displays the fine quality of manhood in that State, and the same thing is shown in the two pictures which portray scenes at one of the largest steel mills.

Comments on Current Topics.

THE tax-paying public does not always make the discrimination which it should between the large expenditures of public money incident to a broad, progressive, and energetic administration, and the equally large, or larger, outlay of public funds made necessary by ignorant, corrupt, and extravagant methods of administration. Both are alike condemned by that class of citizens who base their judgment solely on the size of the prevailing tax-rate, and not on the returns they receive for their money. A high rate of taxation may be entirely consistent with a sound, business-like and truly economical conduct of public office. All depends on results, on the methods followed and the objects sought by the expenditure of public funds. Bad government, a government which panders to the vicious and depraved, which endangers public health and public morals in the interest of selfish, incompetent, and corrupt officials—such government is dear at any price. On the other hand, such an administration as that given New York by the late Colonel Strong, in which for the first time in many years an honest, truly liberal, and progressive policy was adopted in regard to public parks, public schools, and the police and fire departments, and in which, for the first time, the metropolis began to enjoy clean streets, such an administrative policy might well have been continued indefinitely, even though it did involve generous appropriations from the city treasury.

No one acquainted with the temper and composition of popular audiences in America, and especially in some parts of it, will be surprised at the fact that the violent and incendiary utterances of a notorious Southern politician in a Wisconsin town the other day provoked "round after round of applause" from his audience, according to the newspaper reports. It is never difficult for an orator with a glib tongue and an *ad captandum* style of address to elicit "applause" from the emotional and thoughtless persons to be found in almost every public assemblage, and that without much regard to the subject matter of his discourse. As with the "gallery gods" of the theatre, even a stupid and vicious thing will stir up a great racket if it is only smartly said. And it is to be remembered always that a few people can make a great noise, especially when they figure in a newspaper report. Therefore, notwithstanding the "applause" at Marionette, Wis., we are not disposed to believe that the good citizens in that town generally have any higher opinion of Senator Tillman's views on lynching and negro disenfranchisement than other sane and law-abiding people throughout the country. It is certain that the speech has not drawn "rounds of applause" from the thoughtful press of South Carolina or the rest of the country, but quite the contrary. It has elicited nothing but expressions of indignation and contempt.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.



JAMES J. HILL, THE RAILROAD KING OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE dullness of the market emphasizes the timidity of speculators who have sold out at a profit or who are still loaded up and are patiently awaiting a chance to get out with the least losses. A severe stringency in the money market would shake out a good many slenderly margined accounts and cause a drop that would open the bargain counter again. There is a genuine fear of dearer money. We were told not long ago that the situation would be greatly relieved by the arrival of sundry millions of gold from the Klondike, but it is now discovered that this gold is largely British gold and comes this way only to be shipped to London. Every effort is being made and will be made by great speculative interests and the underwriting syndicates who are still carrying vast loads of securities to maintain money at low rates. The deficiency in the corn crop has even been used as a bull argument, on the ground that a smaller crop will lead to decreased demands upon New York for money to move the crops. This is hardly a fair argument. The over-speculation in the West will probably increase the demands of that section for current funds, and many bankers look for an unusual drain upon the resources of Eastern institutions in September and October. The situation may not be critical, but it is at least interesting.

I said, after the break in May, that the overloaded syndicates would be compelled to advance prices in order to get rid of their stock. The enormous increase in the loans of the New York banks shows that the great operators are determined to fortify their position and that they are borrowing plentifully while money is easy. With the present attitude of the investing public the outlook for a general advance is not good. The great operators know this and may not be averse to permitting a gradual and easy decline until a lower level has been reached, which will be more inviting to the public. The danger of the situation is that if prices continue to decline, holders may become frightened and unload faster than the underwriting syndicates can buy. This situation might lead to a very serious and disastrous break, and that is the one thing which the leading financiers who are sustaining the market are most anxious to avoid.

The next anxiety will be as to the maintenance of railway earnings. Thus far they held out extremely well as compared with the excellent showing of last year. The closeness with which the railroads are watching the situation is evinced by the fact that the managers in the West and Southwest are circularizing the farmers and advising them not to sacrifice their stock by shipping it to the market for sale, but to wait until they know certainly whether or not sufficient fodder can be furnished at reasonable prices. Farmers, like all other classes, are liable to become panic-stricken in unexpected emergencies, and this warning of the railroad managers may have both timeliness and significance. Many believe that the surplus from last year's corn crop amounts to sufficient to make up the large deficit in this year's crop, and that the price of this important cereal will not be advanced much farther. Again, the total wheat crop is certain to be considerably larger than the aggregate of the spring and winter wheat of last year, and this will help the farmers out.

But we shall realize the situation better when the railroad earnings, two or three months hence, are reported. If they should show a general and large decrease, I doubt if there is sufficient money in Wall Street to start a new bull movement this year. Buyers have become exceedingly timid and they are watching every sign in the market with the greatest vigilance. However, it is not a good time to sacrifice stocks, for I believe that it is the purpose of the large holders of securities, many of them bought at higher than ruling prices, not to carry them beyond the first of December. They certainly will make a desperate effort before that time to put up values so that they can get out if possible.

It is singular that so many prominent financiers have been predicting that money would continue at easy rates for weeks to come, probably until the September movement of the crops. Yet we have seen the bank reserves in New York dropping to the lowest point that they had reached in nearly a dozen years, an unaccountable shrinkage which seems to have puzzled our ablest financiers. We have seen interest rates advancing as high as 25 per cent. and a general reluctance to accept collateral that was passable only a few months ago. Is tight money in sight? Is it nearer than most of our bankers have expected? If so, we may look for a calling in of loans and much greater discrimination in the acceptance

of collateral. And every stock against which the loaners discriminate will receive a black eye.

The strange thing about the bull movement is the fact that it did not carry up with it the industrial shares, though it did give a substantial boost to every one of the low-priced railway stocks, sending some of them, like Wabash common, from 7 to 22. Veteran speculators have insisted all along that the bull movement, according to precedents, must naturally take in all the industrial shares, good, bad, and indifferent, before its final collapse. Perhaps they are changing their minds now. It is well for my readers to mark those stocks which have had abnormal rises, and if they operate on the short side, to remember the old saying that "what goes up must come down." Among these are Atchison, which has advanced during the past year, when it was quoted at its highest figure, nearly 240 per cent.; Des Moines and Fort Dodge, 228 per cent.; Erie common, 274 per cent.; Erie second preferred, 238 per cent.; Mexican National certificates, 211 per cent.; Missouri, Kansas and Texas common, 207 per cent.; New York, Chicago and St. Louis, 254 per cent.; St. Louis and San Francisco common, 413; St. Louis and Southwestern, 243; Southern Railway, 200; Texas Pacific, 200; Wabash common, 208; and Colorado Fuel and Iron, 243.

"H." Canton, O.: It has not a high standing.
"C." Memphis, Tenn.: Letter received and satisfactory.
"K." Decatur, Ill.: Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway. (2) Not rated very high. (3) Ditto.

"W." Patchogue, L. I.: Your letter received. You are correct. The error was an inadvertence. Thanks.
"R." Philadelphia: I do not believe in the future of either of the Beaumont oil companies you mention. The woods are full of them.
"F. A. H." Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Am waiting to get at the report before I can advise. The dividends are being regularly paid. (2) Credit excellent.

"M." New York: I would carry my Malting and B. R. T. until the first decided rise, which may help you to escape a loss. Your prospects are better in the latter than in the former.

"B." Elmira, N. Y.: The party has not a high rating. None of the brokers who do this sort of business stands very well in the mercantile world, and you operate with any of them at your peril.

"W." New York: Common sense ought to point out that any stock which is able to pay 1 per cent. a month in dividends will, on its merits, sell at higher than 35 cents a share. I do not believe in the future of the oil company.

"P." Amesbury, Mass.: No information is obtainable regarding the industrial and the mining corporation that you speak of. No transactions in the shares of either are recorded, and I know of no market for them. The stock cannot have much value.

"Z." Schaefferstown, Penn.: Not rated very high, but do an extensive business on small margins, of a kind that the legitimate houses do not care to do. They are members of the Consolidated Exchange. (2) Can obtain no information regarding it.

"C." Indian Neck, Conn.: Amalgamated Copper aims to largely control the copper output of the United States. Standard Oil interests are heavily identified with it, and it is paying 8 per cent. per annum in dividends. I regard the stock as one of the best of the industrial.

"H. H." Philadelphia: Cheap dividend-payers are Glucose common and American Ice common. Another is Pressed Steel common, but all these industrial common stocks have yet to prove their permanent character. (2) Neither party you mention has a very good rating. I would not care to be guided by their advice.

"E." New York: The steel strike has led to renewed talk of the absorption of Republic Iron and Steel by the United States Steel Corporation, and this has strengthened the stock. The common shares represent no tangible property and no value, excepting the voting power, but they could readily be manipulated for a rise.

"A Subscriber, Oriskany, N. Y.: The future of American Sugar depends largely upon what its officers, and especially its president, may decide to do on the dividend question. Some leading men on the Street have been buying the shares of late, on the expectation of interesting developments. What they are remains to be disclosed. (2) Not rated very high.

"B." Milwaukee, Wis.: I do not believe in United States Steel common as a permanent investment. There are too many bonds, and there is too much preferred stock ahead of it. Other industrial common stocks paying 4 per cent. are selling at about the same price as Steel common, and offer good opportunities for speculation. (2) Yes. (3) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway.

"H." Toronto, Canada: The net earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the last fiscal year, closing July 1st, were over \$7,000,000. The dividends, if it were paid, were more than earned. Compared with American railways, this stock is selling low. (2) The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 4s, under par, look like a safe investment, as they are guaranteed by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways.

"J." Amsterdam, N. Y.: The prospects of Louisville and Nashville, as indicated by the earnings, are excellent. (2) Manipulation has been behind the advance in Mexican Central, but the rise has also been due to the prospects of amalgamation with American interests. During the recent boom, Mexican railroads were for a time the favorite, chiefly because they were very cheap, not having participated in the general rise.

"R. D." Indianapolis, Ind.: I would not sell my Toledo, St. Louis and Western common if you can afford to hold it until the ultimate disposition is made upon it. If it goes much lower, you can even up the price, but I do not expect to see it drop very much. It is a valuable line, and Vanderbilt interests are said to have cast affectionate eyes upon it for some time. (2) No charge to regular subscribers for financial advice.

"Calvert," Baltimore, Md.: The earnings of American Ice are said to be unusually large, but the stock has had little support, and those who believe in it are puzzled by its decline. I would not advise selling at a loss. I presume the explanation of the lack of support lies in the fact that the largest holders do not care to put all their eggs in one basket, and are letting the stock take care of itself. They assume me that it is earning its dividends, and that this summer's business has been the best on record. (2) Thanks for subscription. You are on the preferred list.

"D." Whitman, Mass.: The par value of American Locomotive common is \$100 per share. The company has been organized but a short time, and no dividends have yet been declared. A safer investment would be the preferred, though the common offers good opportunities for speculation, as prominent financiers are deeply interested in the enterprise. (2) The Anaconda Mining Company pays 4 per cent. per annum and owns a large and profitable mining property. The ownership of the stock is controlled by the Amalgamated Copper Company. I regard the stock with favor.

"K." Cleveland, O.: The National Carbon Company practically covers the carbon industry of the United States. Its capital consists of \$4,500,000 preferred and \$5,500,000 common stock. It is earning a considerable surplus over the preferred, and I think might be a fair speculative purchase at \$18 per share. (2) Something depends upon the earning capacity of both properties, as future events may disclose them. Opposition to National Biscuit is being organized, and it is an industry in which almost any man familiar with the business and with a moderate amount of capital can embark. (3) No dividends have been paid on Carbon common. Four per cent. per annum is paid on Biscuit common.

"H." Charlottesville, Va.: Of the five preferred industrials you mention, Ice, Woolen, Chiclé, Pressed Steel, and Car and Foundry, I regard American Chiclé as the safest. There is only \$3,000,000 of the preferred stock, and the company is earning the dividends thereon, and is earning and paying more than 8 per cent. on the common, which is ahead of it. I regard Ice preferred as reasonable at prevailing prices, and I think Pressed Steel preferred is not dear. If the cumulative dividends on the preferred are not earned they are not paid, but dividends on the common stocks cannot be paid until the arrearages due on the preferred have been liquidated. (2) United Fruit Company's stock is quoted at about 90 bid.

"Spec." Milwaukee: The recent sudden drop in People's Gas, of Chicago, was charged to an action by the State's attorney to dissolve the gas trust into its constituent companies. We have been repeatedly told that this company had succeeded in clearing up all its litigation. Yet, at intervals, new actions are projected to the detriment of the stockholders. If this company were in New York, where it would be let alone, the stock would sell at least twenty-five points higher. (2) The earnings of the Southern Railway for the past fiscal year showed a surplus of only \$58,000 over the earnings of the preceding year. The gross earnings were nearly \$3,500,000 larger, but the expenses for improvements, for taxes and equipment, were increased.

"R." Buffalo: There is no doubt that much more confidence is felt in the future of the market by enthusiastic traders now than was felt a few weeks ago. Heavy rainfalls in the West and the fact that the worst is revealed about the damage to the corn crop, and, above all, the enormous magnitude of our shipments of wheat, which are beyond precedent, are all stimulating a new bull sentiment. Foreign advices indicate that our exports of wheat may aggregate nearly a quarter of a billion bushels. This has lessened the fear of gold exports, and even justified a hope that we may import gold. If we can escape a stringent money market during the next sixty days, prices are likely to strengthen and may materially advance, unless the labor troubles assume a far more serious aspect. I do not believe, however, that we can have a prolonged bull movement. A good profit ought to be taken any time before the holidays.

"W." New York: The regular and progressive increase in the price of Anthracite Coal, by the new combination, if it is maintained, ought to help all the coal railroads, including the Ontario and Western. The stock sold last year as low as 18 1/4, and this year as high as 40 1/4. I think on reactions you might even up, to minimize the cost, and eventually sell at a profit. It certainly ought to be worth as much as Erie common, for which fancy prices are talked of. (2) For a long time it has been the general belief that Manhattan Elevated would be advanced, by reason of a combination of local traction interests. Its recent report showed that its earnings were increasing, and when electrical power on the road is utilized and more modern methods adopted in its management, the stock, many believe, should be worth as much as Metropolitan. (3) I do not like to advise the purchase of United States Steel preferred until we know how serious the strike complications may become.

"R." Middletown, N. Y.: The earnings of Kansas City Southern show that a dividend could be paid on the preferred, if the trustees decided to do so. If the drought does not affect its earnings, and if the business continues to increase this year as it did last, the preferred stock ought to sell much higher. It is cheap as compared with other stocks of a similar class. The stock is trusted and it is for the interests in control to say when and how the surplus earnings shall be disposed of. (2) American Ice common looks cheap at prevailing prices, but I am unable to get a report of the earnings upon which to base an absolute judgment. (3) You are right as to the earnings of Toledo, St. Louis and Western. I think well also of Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville common. Both these roads will some day be absorbed by some of the stronger lines, and then the shares ought to command higher prices. Of course if the entire market gives way, these shares will suffer with the others.

"C." Columbus, O.: Have been endeavoring to get at the last statement of the company and to secure the information you desire. An increase in the dividends on Amalgamated Copper has been talked of for some time. Of late it has been said that it would be well to wait until the litigation was closed before increasing the dividend. Strong interests are certainly supporting the stock, and whenever it gets around 110 it appears to be absorbed and taken out of the market. The decline in the price of copper, if it continues, will obviously affect the dividend-paying power of all the great copper companies. If Senator Clark keeps the United Verde closed, and if the market be deprived of its large output, the copper situation would improve. (2) Conditions such as we have been having would ordinarily result in a bear movement, but the strong forces of the market are hard at work to maintain prices, and as long as their resources are undiminished they will be able to do so. The semi-panic in May shows, however, that any sudden crisis might very seriously affect conditions, regardless of all the safeguards that surround the great operators.

NEW YORK, August 22d, 1901.

JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

FROM every direction comes the demand for more stringent legislation to regulate the fraternal insurance associations. The latest contribution to this important topic comes from the insurance commissioner of Illinois. He points out that over half a million citizens of that State are members of the fraternal insurance societies of Illinois and that the laws regulating the transactions and the government of these associations are utterly inadequate to compel the fulfillment of all their obligations in the future. He says: "There is urgent need of complete revision of the law pertaining to these societies, along the lines already entered upon by a number of them, so that their affairs shall be put upon a better business basis, the prompt payment of losses required, and the interest of their members, present and future, better protected." The uniformity with which the insurance commissioners of all the leading States, where conservative sentiment finds its best development, are insisting upon the more careful safeguarding of the interests of members of the beneficial orders, cannot escape public attention. It has a world of thought and suggestion for the members of every insurance association.

"L." Houston, Tex.: I agree entirely with you.
"V." Dayton, O.: I am certainly impressed with the belief that the Mutual Life offers you a much better field for the exercise of your talents than the smaller company you mention. The popular tendency is decidedly toward insurance in the strongest companies.
"W." Mount Airy, La.: The insurance and investment policy, ordinary life, twenty years' accumulation, in the New York Life, which you hold, has many admirable features. The guarantee of over \$3,000 in cash is of course perfectly assured. The amount of the cash profits that may be apportioned by the company to the policy, at the end of twenty years, must, obviously, depend in a measure on the prevailing rate of interest during the interval. If interest rates are maintained at existing figures the amount of cash guaranteed and accumulated profits ought to more than equal the \$5,300 which you will have paid in at the close of the insurance term. In my judgment it will be considerably more, unless interest rates seriously decline. I regard the policy as an excellent one, considering your circumstances.

"F." Lincoln, La.: The kind of a policy a man of thirty years had best take out depends upon his circumstances and his desires. If you seek life insurance simply for the benefit of your heirs, take out a straight-life policy. That is the cheapest. If you seek both insurance and investment take out an endowment policy for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. At the end of the endowment period you will receive the face of the policy, or you will have the privilege of accepting all cash and part insurance, or all paid-up life insurance. A man in good circumstances, whose prospects are well established, will therefore preferably take out an endowment policy. At your time of life the twenty-year endowment would be very suitable, for it would bring you in a handsome amount of money at the age of fifty. (2) A similar reasoning applies to a person at the age of twenty-four. (3) A straight-life would be preferable. (4) The twenty-payment plan of the Mutual Life is excellent and will certainly prove satisfactory.

"M." Galesburg, Ill.: There was no such implication intended. (2) The insurance in the John Hancock company will cost you \$30.59 per thousand, instead of \$26, and the company does not guarantee a specified dividend, as I understand it. The other two companies you mention are successful, old-line concerns, but they are much smaller than the three great New York companies. (3) On the basis of the business done by the Equitable, its salaries are much smaller than those paid by the officers of any of the other companies you mention. (4) The Equitable's reserve is fully up to every legal requirement, and its paid-up policies distinctly state that paid-up insurance shall participate at the end of every five years. You are probably aware that at the end of your twenty-year payment life contract you have several options of settlement. If you accept the cash it will consist of the legal reserve that has been set aside for you, together with your share of the surplus, which you apparently seem to think no policyholder ever gets. If you accept the paid-up insurance settlement you again receive your share of the surplus, because the amount given in paid-up insurance is that which can be purchased by the cash value that you might have received, and that cash value consists of the reserve and your share of the surplus. It is a fact that the surplus in all the great New York companies belongs to the policyholders and they receive their portion of it either in cash or in paid-up insurance as they respectively contract expire. (5) The stockholders of the Equitable receive 7 per cent. per annum on a total of \$100,000 of stock, or only \$7,000 per year, nothing as compared with the income of the company, accumulated for the benefit of the members. Some one has evidently been imposing on your credulity, and I advise you to read the official report of the Equitable as it has been submitted to the insurance commissioner of this State.

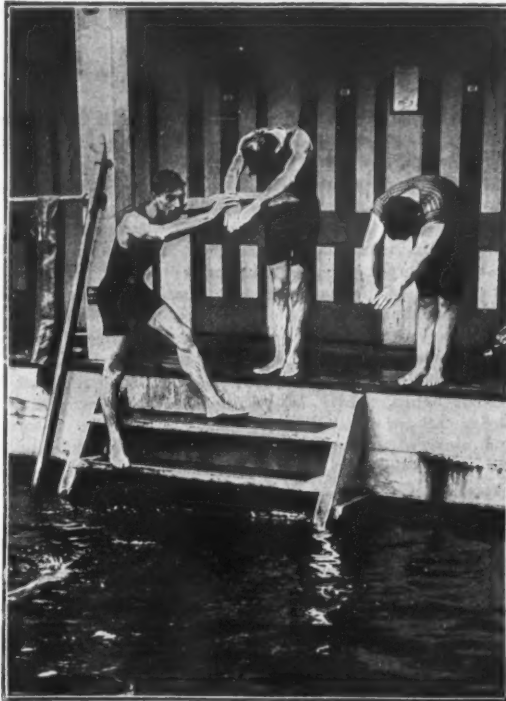
The Hermit.

Teaching Bankers How to Swim.

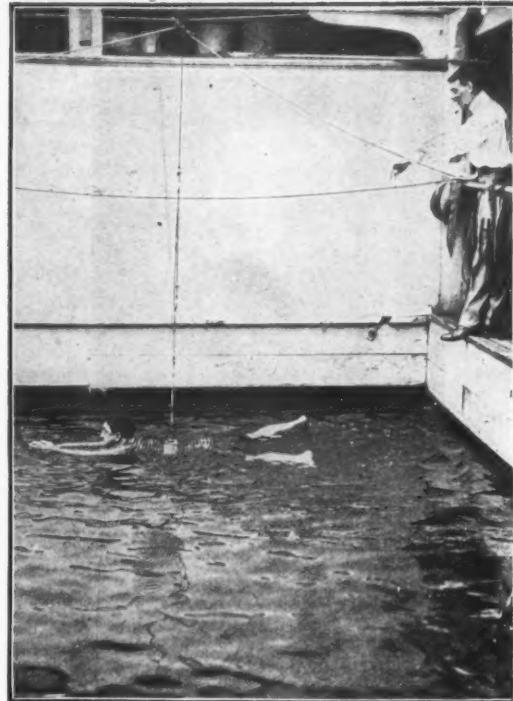
ANY ONE who can swim will tell you—if you can't—what a simple, easy thing it is; and if he is a daring and expert swimmer he will express his astonishment in no measured terms at the folly of those who do not learn the art. Animals swim naturally, and instinct teaches them the essentials of self-preservation in the water without any training. The dog raises his nose and treads the water as he does the ground. Untaught man trusts to his reason and flounders and goes down.

It is easy to say that confidence is all he needs to keep him afloat. He does not have this confidence, and to argue the matter on that line is to evade the main question. To acquire it is to learn to swim. There are few persons who swim at all, and of the comparatively few thousands on the seaboard who are able to hold their noses out of water for an hour or more and make any progress under the most favorable conditions, not many are able to float with their clothes and shoes on or render the least assistance to a helpless person in the water. It often happens that amateur swimmers, misjudging their own strength, rush to the help of drowning persons only to sacrifice their own lives. That they do so is due to lack of proper training. It is, in fact, no advantage to learn things that must be unlearned, and a bad stroke in swimming is one of those to get rid of first.

Captain Davis Dalton, the champion long-distance swimmer of the world, is the chief inspector of the United States Volunteer Life-saving Corps. His son, F. E. Dalton, is director of the Battery swimming school, and comes naturally by his skill in the natatorial art. Every year he teaches business men and bankers to the number of 500 to swim. These men usually go from their business in the afternoon or evening and fit themselves to battle with the waves at the seashore by practice in a tank. They begin by learning to float. This is the first essential to a person in the water, and the ability to keep above the surface for a minute even often results in saving life. The spread-



TEACHING THE CORRECT POSITION FOR A DIVE.



THE LATEST METHOD OF TEACHING THE SWIMMER.



TEACHING THE OVERHAND OR ENGLISH RACING STROKE.



GIVING A DOUBLE LESSON.

eagle position, the most advantageous, is shown in our illustration. The pupil lies on his back, with his forehead well in the water, raising his nose and mouth with lungs extended, the back curved and the legs extended or bent down to receive the buoyancy derived from the greater pressure at lower depths.

The breast stroke is of great value for stiff joints and in chest expansion. This is shown in the picture, where the learner is suspended from an overhead wire while he learns the movements necessary to progress forward. The rope is gradually slackened, and at last he finds himself swimming without its assistance before he knows it.

The back stroke benefits round shoulders, and the leg movement reduces the abdomen. It is the best for comfort and floating, a person being able easily to maintain himself in this position from thirty minutes to an hour. When falling into the water this is the best position to assume, especially on account of the extra weight of clothing.

The overhand, or English racing stroke, is the fastest for long-distance swimming. How this is taught is shown in one of our illustrations, where the learner, lying on one side, is taught the correct use of his disengaged hand.

Next to confidence, and akin to it, is that calmness of mind in a swimmer which prevents him from tiring himself out. To do this is the fault of the novice, and to know how he can remain afloat and move with the least exertion is the accom-

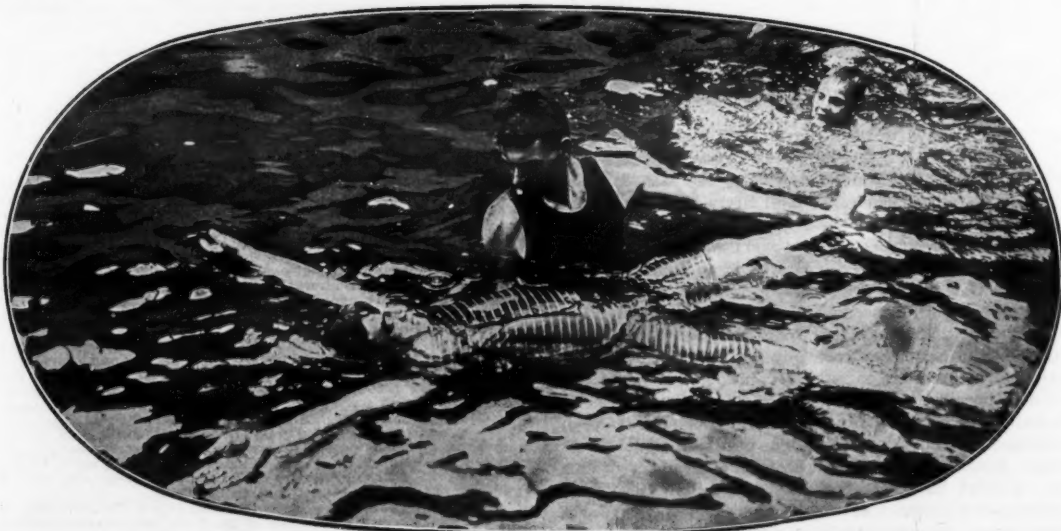
plishment of the expert. Those who have the time owe it to themselves to learn to swim. Only slight proficiency may be the means of saving life.

A Life-buoy That Shines at Night.

DARKNESS has been a prolific cause of loss of life at sea. It is an element which inventors of life-saving apparatus have sought to combat and overcome, but nothing invented has seemed to have the practical value of a new apparatus of German origin. Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfort, says that it weighs only thirty-three pounds, and produces a light equal to 150 candle-power. The buoy is of globular form, carries from two to four life belts, and supports a long cylinder of sheet tin having twelve compartments filled with carbide of calcium. These compartments are arranged at different elevations. When the apparatus is thrown into the sea the water passes through perforations at the bottom of the cylinder, and, coming in contact with the carbide, generates acetylene gas. Each compartment is connected with a burner by a pipe, proper valves preventing the escape of the gas other than through the burner. When the volume of gas in the cylinder decreases, hydrostatic pressure opens the valves and allows water to enter the next compartment to generate an additional supply. The gas is lighted electrically, and ignition takes place in about twenty-five seconds after the buoy is thrown into the sea. The flame is protected from the wind by glass, and burns steadily and with great intensity for three or four hours. Cleaning and filling the apparatus require only a few minutes. The cost of the charge is about twelve cents. The advantages of the invention are that it can be used on all kinds of vessels; it may be used for general lighting purposes; its cheapness and light weight.

American Builders in Korea.

AMERICAN railway enterprises are meeting with encouraging success in Korea. The Seoul-Chemulpo Railway, built by an American concessionaire and sold to a Japanese syndicate, is now in full operation, connecting Seoul with its port by a line twenty-six miles in length. Americans have built, and are now successfully operating, an electric railway in and about Seoul. At present this road is but about 100 miles long, but an extension is being built which will carry it some eighteen miles into the country. The natives are patronizing this road well, and it has now become a necessity, and meets with little or no opposition.



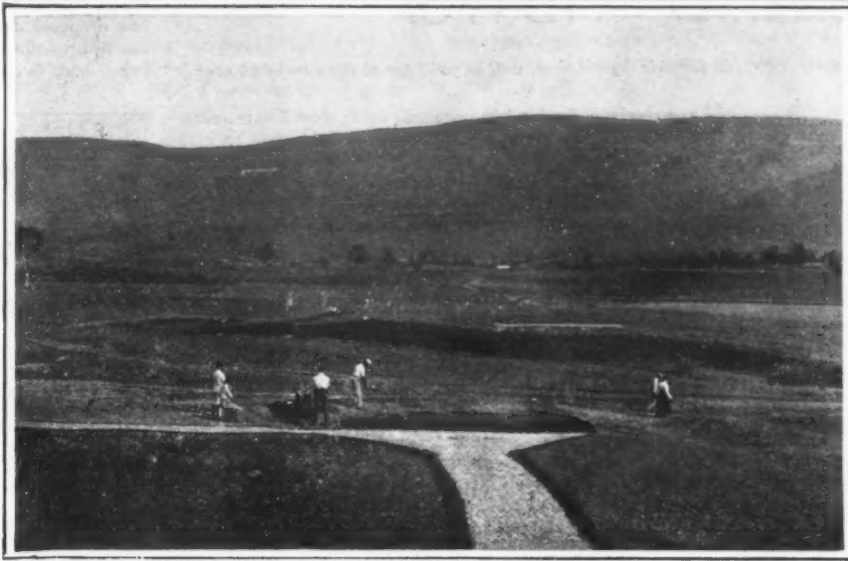
A LESSON IN FLOATING.

NEW YORK'S BANKERS AND BROKERS LEARNING TO SWIM.

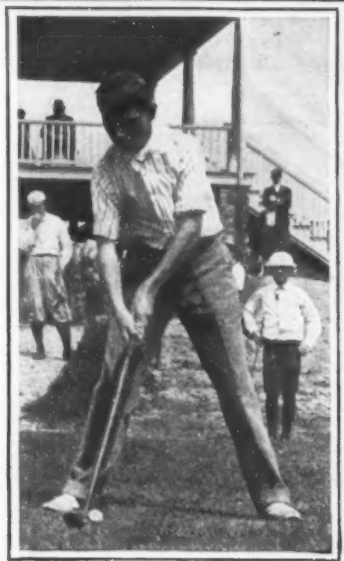
HOW INSTRUCTION IN ONE OF THE MOST COMMON BUT NECESSARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS IS IMPARTED AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.



GEORGE LOW, DRIVING.



VIEW FROM CLUB-HOUSE VERANDA, EKWANOK COUNTRY CLUB, MANCHESTER, VT.



A. L. WHITE, DRIVING.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.

The Trotter.—The Cresceus-Abbot race at Brighton Beach recently demonstrated to the thinking New Yorker that this purely American sport is not dead about the metropolis by a long shot. The failure of trotting at the Empire City track was due largely to the inaccessibility of the track more than to the lack of interest in this American product. The members of the New York Trotting Association are at this early date considering the advisability of having a spring as well as a fall meeting next year. The meeting of Cresceus, the king, and The Abbot was of course the sensational feature of the meeting, and the easy victory of George H. Ketcham's remarkable horse, which he owns and drives, was generally anticipated. The first heat demonstrated that Cresceus had the race at his mercy, and while The Abbot was not badly beaten in 2.03 1/4, the competition record, the next heat showed that The Abbot was not in his best possible condition for a series of heats with Cresceus. It is still a question whether the snapping of the check rein caused The Abbot to break or whether his breaking shortly after the start caused the check rein to part. Even Geers, his driver, was not positive on this point. Mr. Ketcham certainly has a valuable piece of property in Cresceus, a stallion who will be worth his weight in gold even after his retirement from the racing turf. While The Abbot is the typical trotter in appearance, Cresceus has lines distinctly unthoroughbred. The new trotting king is mammoth of girth and general physical make-up, with speed and remarkable stamina. His staying powers are admitted; with such immense muscular development it could not be otherwise. With a disposition like a kitten, here, too, Cresceus differs from The Abbot, who declines familiarity even from his trainer and driver at times. After the race thousands crowded around Cresceus and patted his glistening sides, but those who approached too closely to The Abbot were warned to keep away, as his temper was vicious. Cresceus likes to trot and to race, and he shows it in his every movement as Mr. Ketcham brings him up for the starter's flag. Ketcham is a well-developed athlete of about 170 pounds, yet he has all he can do to keep in the sulky during the first quarter. After that Cresceus races along nicely, answering every movement of the reins. Many people have expressed astonishment over the statement that Ketcham said he would do that heat against time in 2.05. He said it and did it. Most drivers in working out their horses wear a small stop-watch on their wrists, so that they can see just what time their horse is making all through a trial. Constant practice of this sort teaches an experienced driver mentally to time his horse within a fraction of a second. When 2.05 was announced after the trial Ketcham was the least surprised man on the grounds.

Base-Ball a Straight Game.—Base-ball is honest. Some peculiar things happen in base-ball at times, but I have watched the game closely for a great many years and believe that it is at least as close to perfect honesty as any professional sport in the world. Many unsportsmanlike tricks are resorted to at times by both players and club-owners, but if there has been any actual dishonesty in the playing of the games since the time of the Hall-Devlin episode, now many years ago, some of the cleverest critics in the country have been unable to unearth it. The very nature of the game, the intensity of partisanship and loyalty of the players, is the great safeguard of the sport. Brothers opposed to each other will fight like savages for their respective teams. Realizing these conditions—and there is no doubt but that they exist—it wears on one to hear at regular intervals that a certain team is "laying down" in the interests of another favored team. It is true that it would pay the club owners to have the various pennants well distributed throughout the country, but the minute any plans were arranged to bring about such a result it would be quickly known and frustrated. Professional base-ball, unlike many other similar sports, depends absolutely upon its honesty for its continued popularity. Every player and club owner in the country realizes this. Base-ball has no side-show features such as betting and the like, and as soon as the average "fan" thought the games dishonest

he would lose all interest in the sport. Some teams play peculiarly at times, as will happen occasionally in every sport where a combination of men are working together for the benefit of the whole. I do not mean to say that there are not players and club-owners who would not be tricky if they dared. They simply don't dare. The lesson dealt out to the early evil-doers, who were charged with selling games in the interest of certain gamblers, has had a splendid effect. The sentence hangs over those men yet, and the disgrace will remain with their children and their children's children. I believe that there have been hundreds of fake horse-races, prize-fights, wrestling matches, and professional running races to one really crooked base-ball game.

A Touring Hint.—Those who tour, either wheelmen, equestrians, drivers or automobilists, frequently carry along with them tour or road books which are nine times out of ten not worth the paper upon which they are printed. Most, if not all, of the road books are from five to ten years old, and the conditions have changed so much since their publication that the information is worthless. If on a wheel or in an automobile, stop at some repair shop or club and ask for information. This will serve the purpose much better than the out-of-date books. Roads which were dirt five years ago are fine bits of macadam to-day, and a trip which was of fifty miles a few years ago has been reduced to thirty-five to-day through recent road improvements. Still, asking for information is not always trustworthy. I was riding a wheel not long ago in a portion of New Jersey with which I was not familiar. Seeing a farmer coming up the road I stopped and asked him how far it was to a certain town I wished to reach before nightfall. He pointed to a hill about a mile away and said: "Oh, about two good looks from the top of that hill yander."

Deluded Women on the Race Tracks.—While the medical fraternity and the thinking public at large rejoice at the new interest taken in healthful outdoor sports by women and young girls, there is a limit beyond which our almost angelic relatives of the more lovable sex may not go. Some sports are too rough and undignified for women, and I could not imagine anything more unbecoming to them than a boxing bout, a tug-of-war, or the women regulars at the race track. Well-dressed women and girls undoubtedly add grace, life, and beauty to any gathering, and to none more so than at a race track. That the race tracks in the East should, however, as much as openly encourage gambling among their women patrons seems to be carrying the prerogatives of the sex to an unpleasant point. Go to any of the great race tracks about New York, and you will have little trouble in picking out the women regulars. There is an unwritten law that these women must not go into the betting ring, but there is no law to protect them against the hawking fakirs and swindlers who travel through the stands acting as betting commissioners. The poor dupes are frequently swindled out of their money, and when this happens they have no redress. In the matter of odds quoted against the horses they seldom get the actual quotations of the ring, even if they are fortunate enough to pick a winner. If the race tracks find the custom of women bettors profitable and desirable, then it is time that something was done to protect the money of these clients. If such revenue is distasteful to the powers that be on the turf, then the hawking fakirs who rush through the stands should be swept away. I have heard it said that women gamblers are more persistent and daring than men, and from what I have seen among the women plungers and "pikers" at the tracks I am inclined to think that the old saw comes pretty close to the mark.

Golf.—This is considered an off season at many of the links about the great cities on account of the run for the seashore and mountains. Summer resorts which boast of first-class links have the call just now, and the greens are thronged every day. One notices more effort to appear dressy at these summer-resort links than was the case when playing on the home grounds. Fine feathers and starched linen are not conducive to either good golf or comfort. I was talking with a prominent dealer the other

day and was surprised when he told me of the demand he had for second-hand golf-balls, those which have been used, brought back, soaked, a little rubber added to increase the elasticity, and remolded. Of course the champions and top-notch players would disdain to use these made-over balls, but those who have used them on account of their cheapness tell me that the made-over ball serves the purpose remarkably well. I never heard of a maker making over a base-ball. The horse-hide-covered sphere is generally hammered at until it fairly falls to pieces. All of the yarn used in the first-class base-ball is imported from Scotland. The Ekwano Golf Club, of Manchester, Vt., whose picturesque surroundings are shown in our illustration, was the scene recently of an important tournament which lasted four days and closed with a handicap. The best scores were made by C. B. MacDonald, Garden City, '83, and M. M. Singer, Fox Hills, '90, while George Low defeated Bernard Nichols in a professional match by four up and four to play, breaking all previous records on the links.

No Porous Tires.—You hear a lot of people who ought to know better talking about porous bicycle tires. A bicycle tire can become porous only when the inner lining of rubber leaks, and when that happens you might as well throw the tire in a junk pile, for its usefulness is over and any tinkering with it will be a mere waste of time and money. Such a tire is of no use, anyway, for with the decaying of the rubber comes a loss of "life" and elasticity. What people mean by porous tires is that when they get a puncture and apply the water test they find the tire leaking apparently in several places. This is caused by the escape of air between the fabrics, and as soon as the actual puncture is repaired the other leaks are summarily sealed. Good tires are reasonable in price this year, but the cheap flimsy tire is an expensive and senseless expenditure. When getting new tires it is well to pay a fair price, selecting wares of some well-known make. Then you are pretty sure to get a serviceable article.

Athletics.—I can see ahead a general bettering of the amateur athletic conditions and congratulate the Amateur Athletic Union and the loyal clubs which are working with the Union to bring about the desirable results. The efforts to prevent athletes from gyrating from one club to another during the active season is bound to have a good effect. The arrangements for the international college meet between Yale and Harvard, and Oxford and Cambridge, have been completed satisfactorily, and great throngs will witness the games. It is too early yet to make any predictions, but those familiar with the records of the competing athletes say that Yale and Harvard will win, but hardly by the wholesale score made in the New York A. C. and London A. C. battles. The American athletes abroad continue to win a majority of the contests in which they take part. Maxey Long has not done as well as was expected, but his friends say this is due to lack of proper physical condition. With Long at his best, it is not believed that England, or any other country, can produce a man who can defeat him at his favorite distance, the quarter-mile. R. W. Wadsley, who twice defeated Long, does not care apparently to make a third trial with the American, and the Englishman did not toe the mark in a recent handicap at a quarter-mile, where Long and himself were placed together on scratch.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

[READERS are invited to consult the sporting editor on perplexing sporting problems. A stamp should always be inclosed with an inquiry, as a personal reply may be deemed proper. Address Sporting Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

"May Halpin," Brooklyn: Both croquet and lawn tennis are played in Prospect Park, where grounds are set aside for this purpose. It is best to secure permission from the park department before arranging for a tournament.

"John Slevin," Long Branch, N. J.: The match race between Cresceus and The Abbot was for a nominal purse of \$12,000. It is generally believed, however, that the purse was divided, \$7,000 to Cresceus and \$5,000 to The Abbot.

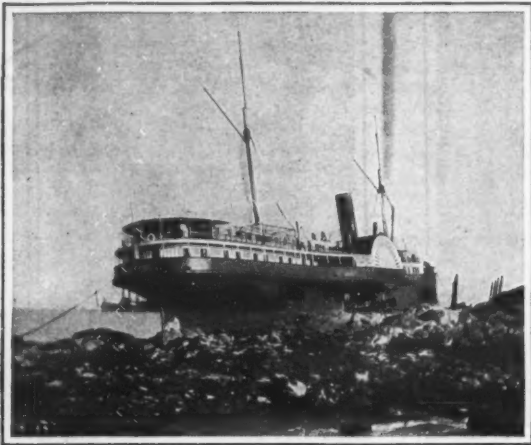
"Weak Stomach," St. Louis: There is no better exercise for the troubles you mention than bicycle-riding taken rationally. Do not over-tax your strength. Ride short distances at first. The muscles of the stomach will be strengthened. Do not start on your trip immediately after eating.

"John S. Martin," Chicago: The only way that the relative strength of the two teams could be determined would be by a series of games between them. The American League did not adopt the foul-strike rules now in use in the National League, and this ought to aid batting in the American League to a certain extent.

"Jack Ketchum," Louisville: The dealer in a game of draw poker is expected to announce the number of cards he takes, especially if he is requested to do so. After a bet has been made he is not compelled to tell how many cards any other player has taken. G. E. S.

NEWS AND VIEWS.

(Photographs of interest, with brief descriptive matter, accepted for this department, will be paid for at the rate of \$3 each.)



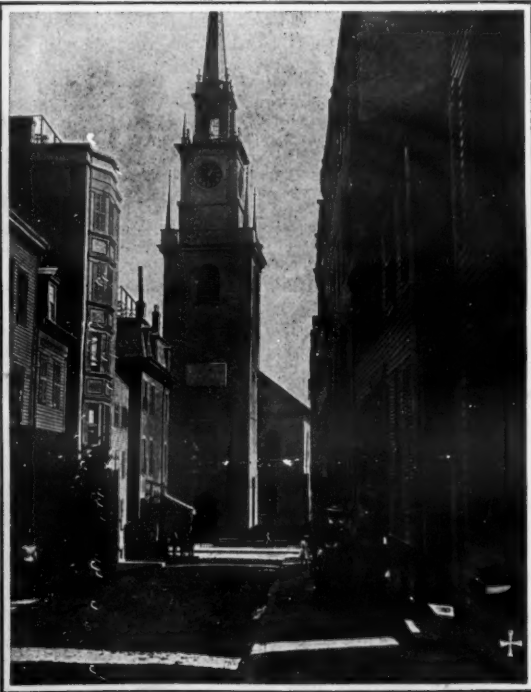
OLD DOMINION ON THE ROCKS AT RYE BEACH.
Photograph by J. Murray, Woodlawn, New York City.

Old Dominion on the Rocks.

It was a singular accident, as well as a nearly fatal one, which occurred to the side-wheel steamship *Old Dominion*, off Rye Beach, Conn., on the early morning of July 6th. The vessel, which belongs to the Joy line, was on her way from Providence to New York at the time. A dense fog prevailed, such as often covers Long Island Sound, making navigation difficult and dangerous. At three o'clock on the morning named, while the tide was high, the *Old Dominion* lost her bearings and soon after crashed on the jagged rocks at Rye Beach hard and fast. A twenty-five-foot hole was broken in her hull and some of her steel plates were smashed. No lives were lost and no one was injured. The receding tide left the vessel well up on the shore, as shown in our photograph. It took nearly a month of hard and constant work by a wrecking company to get the vessel into deep water again, where she could be towed to the city for repairs.

The Old North Church.

AROUND no spot on American soil do more memories cluster precious to the heart of every patriotic citizen than the Old North Church of Boston. The very name calls up a host of romantic and historic incidents, the theme of many a stirring song and rare old story. No visitor to the New England city should miss an hour of meditation within the walls of this historic shrine. Although it stands to-day near the very heart of the business district of Boston, it seems to hold itself aloof from the rush and whirl of the world about it with an air of quiet dignity in keeping with its storied past. To one halting under its eaves, the feeling comes that the time is not so far distant after all when the lantern was hung in the tower above, which gave the signal for that "midnight ride of Paul Revere," destined to live forever in the melodious



THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON.
Photograph by E. A. Binney, Somerville, Mass.

verse of Longfellow. In the immediate neighborhood of the Old North Church are several other Revolutionary landmarks. The old house on the extreme right of the picture was used by General Gage as his headquarters.

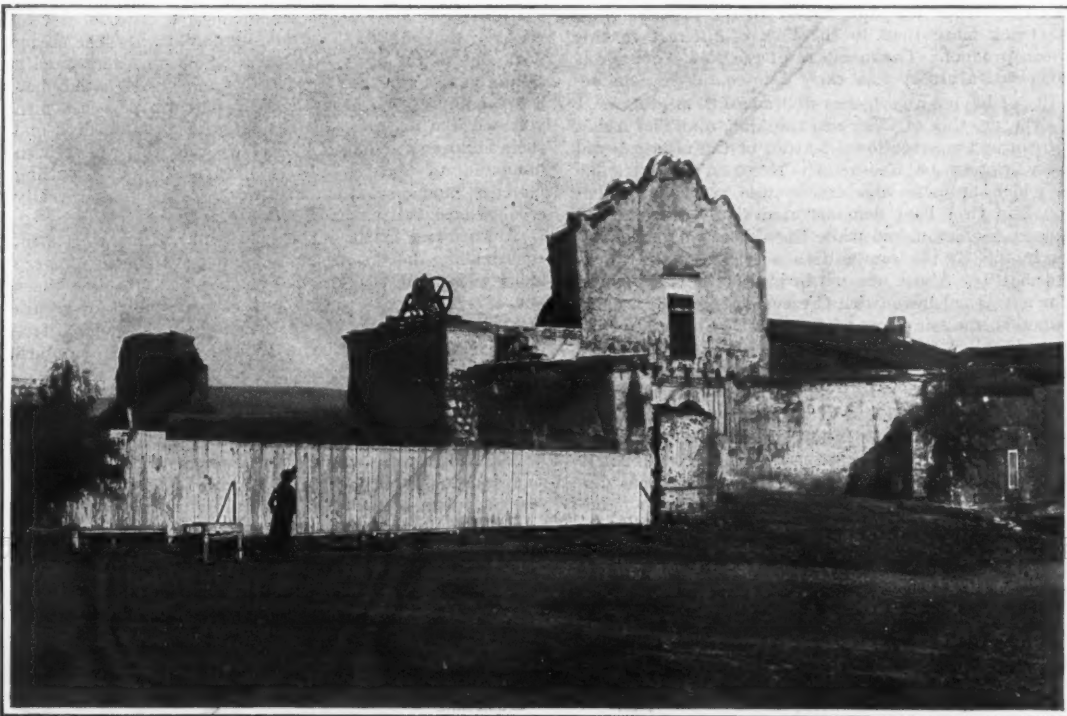
Filipino Prisoners Receiving Friends.

AMONG the several thousands of insurgents which our forces have captured in the long and lingering war in the Philippines and now hold as prisoners, about one hundred are confined in the military prison at Olongoko. Here they

have received the kindest care and most considerate treatment which the army authorities have been able to give them under the circumstances. They are supplied with plentiful and nutritious food and are allowed the largest possible amount of exercise in the open air. At certain times they are permitted to receive their friends, the only separation between them being the stout wire-fence inclosing the yard of the prison.

To Save the Missions.

THE most romantic and picturesque feature of the history of Southern California has to do with the Missions established there in the very earliest days of white occupation on the Pacific Coast by members of one of the Roman Catholic monastic orders. These religious establishments were often highly influential in maintaining peace and good order among the natives, and the service they rendered the cause of education and general enlightenment was important and lasting. Many beautiful legends and romantic tales have clustered around these "missions" and have formed the basis of numerous poems and stories. Recently it has been proposed to remove the ruins of some of these ancient places to make way for modern improvements and a movement has been started in California to save them from this spoliation. Our photograph represents the first and oldest of the "missions," that at San Diego, founded in 1769. The old bell no longer echoes through the beautiful valley where once a thriving people responded to its summons, but rests on the ruined wall rusty and silent.



RUINS OF THE ROMANTIC OLD MISSION AT SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Photograph by George T. Power, Chicago.

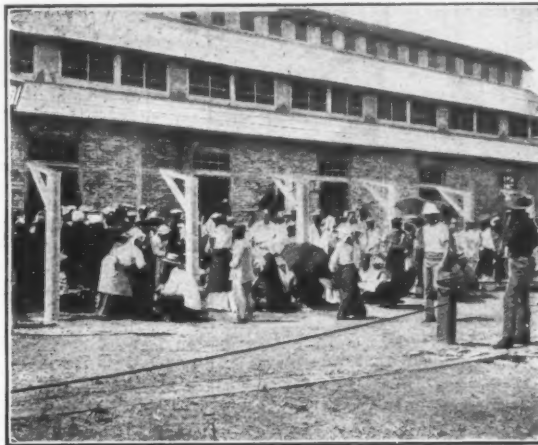
A Good Word for the School Teacher.

AMONG all the noble and magnificent benefactions credited to American men of wealth in recent years, we know of none more wisely and worthily bestowed than that of the late Lewis Elkin, of Philadelphia, who left the bulk of his fortune of \$2,000,000 in trust to create a fund for the benefit of disabled women teachers who have taught in the public schools of that city for twenty-five years, and have no means of support. The fund will provide the beneficiaries with an annuity of about \$400 each. The bequest is noteworthy because it is almost without precedent. It is an example, however, which other men of large fortune might well follow. The average income of teachers in all our schools, public and private, from the lowest to the highest, is pitifully small, the average not exceeding \$400. Many of the professors in our high institutions of learning receive less than \$1,000 a year, and many others not over half that amount, or a sum less than that earned by some unskilled workmen. Considering the large expense involved in preparation for teaching, an expense growing larger every year, as the requirements and standards for admission to the profession are advanced, the salaries paid are meagre and wholly inadequate. Cultured and refined men and women cannot secure the comforts, helps, and conveniences which their profession and its accompaniments demand that they shall have on such incomes. Far better and more satisfactory than any benefactions would be a general and large advance in the salaries paid to teachers, but in lieu of this gifts of such proportion as that made by the Philadelphia financier are to be welcomed and encouraged.

A Brave Southern Governor.

GOVERNOR AYCOCK, of North Carolina, has set a good example for the executives of other States, North and South, in the steps he has taken to suppress the lynching abomination. He has offered a reward of \$400 for the arrest and conviction of each and every participant in one of these murderous outrages. Governor Aycock says that he recognizes that this is a crime for which the penalty is certain death, but he proposes that the criminal shall be executed according to the forms of law and not by a mob. "Lynching," he declares, "has got to stop in North Carolina." And it will stop there and in every other part

of the Union if stern and vigorous measures are adopted everywhere with the participants in these barbarous crimes in the line proposed by Governor Aycock. Such persons should be handled promptly without gloves, and without any allowance being made in their behalf by lawless sentiment.



FILIPINO PRISONERS RECEIVING THEIR FRIENDS.
Photograph by Sergeant R. Anderberg, Olongoko, P. I.

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received

by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive pictures in the following classes: Negro Life, Automobile-driving, American Frontier Scenes, Gold-hunting in Alaska, Pan-American Scenes, Most Notable and Beautiful Objects of Interest Abroad, Notable Catastrophes, and Incidents of Travel. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

NEWS AND VIEWS.—News photographs of special public interest only, sent with brief explanatory notes, suitable for the department of "News and Views," will be paid for at the rate of two dollars for each one used, manuscript included.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



WHERE MOST OF IT WENT.

POET—"You say you love poetry."
SHE—"I adore it; I read it in the very fire."
POET—"Ah, then, no doubt you have read mine there."

To a Poet.

You write of a girl with sylph-like grace
And glittering hair and an angel's face,
While I am old and commonplace
And short and fat; and yet I wot,
Not with her, but with me you will cast your lot,
For I read your verses and she does not. J. A.

A Terrible Tease.

His name's Kristy McKale, an' he's es hansum a bye es walks in shu-leathur only whar in this hull city of Noo York! But his picture may niver be hung in the big new Varsity Hall ov Fame, an' Kristy won't care a button ef it don't.

An' duzn't the hart ov me go pitsy-patsy, whenivur he kums around, wid his rare laff an' smoile. Och, an' he's got shoulders broad anuff fur the burdins ov two, an' his hoight is 'xactly foive fate alivun inches. Thin, too, his quizzikil blu oyes hav long swapi' lashes, whoile the girruls all invy him the kurls thot kivr his hed loike a babby's. An' troth, an' haint his grate hands jist the kindist, fur they're always doin' sombuddy a favur!

But och, the tease thot he is! Didn't he run in yisturday fur shure, whin Oi wuz roight in the middul ov a two-weeks' wash, wid me muther away ter Wistchistur County, an' dinnur fur daddy ter git besoids.

"Marnin'," sez he, wid his bist party bow, but the broight oyes ov him twinklin' loike stars, at soight ov me roll'd-up sleeves an' tousled hed.

"Oi'm not busy atall, atall!" sez I, sarkastik.

He set down widout axin' on wun ov me muther's tubs, wot wuz wrong soide up. "Go ahed!" sez he, wid wun ov the laffs it duz me good ter hear. "Oi'm not interin'."

But Oi set down meself fur a bit ov a rist, an' lafft wid him.

"Nan," sez he, konfydenschul, "Oi've got a new place, wid a big riz in wages, an' it b'gins ter-morry."

"Good!" croid Oi. "An' you deserve it rich, Kristy McKale!"

Me hands wur still wet wid soap an' wather, but he tuk thim both in his own.

"Don't!" sez Oi. "It's suds an' duds, this marnin', wid niver a sowl ter fotch an' karry."

"Wot's the mather wid me fur a wash-bye?" his blu oyes twinklin' agin.

"You, Kristy McKale?"

"Haint Oi big an' strong anuff?"

"Land, yis!"

"An' willin'?"

"Es Barkus himself!" Oi noddid, fur didn't we rade sum ov Mither Dickunks books tergither, through the wintur.

"Nan," sez he, "you'd bether tak me, whoile Oi'm at liburty, es the akturs an' aktrisses say, whin out ov a job."

"But Oi didn't ax you ter kum!"

"Well, Oi'm loike the sun an' moon, in thot Oi niver wait fur invoiites."

"But it's dull an' dingy here, an' Oi've got ter kape on wurkin!"

He lookt me ovur, koinde-loike. "Nan Delliculty, yer swate face wud broightin up a prisin, an' Oi wudn't moind bein' prisiner in thot same fur a year an' six monthes! An' wot purty round whoite arrums you hav! Troth, an' wudn't Oi kiss thim, ef Oi kud!"

"Don't try it!" croid Oi, "fur Oi've got a fist es well!"

"But yer blu kaliker driss is so moighty, becomin'!"

"Thot's a fib, Kristy McKale!"

"Haint you purty anuff fur silks an' sattiny things, instid?"

"Flatherer!"

"It's the truth, this toime!"

"Stop yer teasin', an' let me git back ter me wurk!"

"Nan," sez he, barrin' the way ter the tubs, "Oi'm

willin' ter wurk wid yer! Why kant you tak me fur loife?"

"Oi moight repint ov me bargin!"

"Nivur, Nan darlint!"

"Byes air desavin', an mane. They promis ivrything, an' the girrul wot belaves, gits nuthin!"

"An' you wudn't trust me, Nan?"

"You're loight es a feathur in speech, so—"

"But Oi'm heavy es iron in kapin' me worrud!" finisht he, wid a bit ov a frown.

Oi whint strate ter the suds, at thot, ter hoide me kon-fushun, but the nixt minit Oi felt a soft touch on me bare roight arrum. An' wot duz Oi do, but fling a big splash ov soapy wather, roight inter the hansum face ov Mither Kristy McKale!

"Why did you do it, Nan?" croid he, between gasps.

"Oi'm not ter be troiffled wid!"

"But Oi luv you, darlint!"

"Thin why didn't you wait till ter-noight, an' kum ter the parlor, 'stid ov this botherin' kitchun, an' tell me so, es a rale romancy luvur wud?"

"But Oi didn't know it meself, till Oi kum an' found you here at these blissid tubs!"

"But Oi don't luk noice atall!"

"Oi'm the bist judge," sez he, pickin' me clane frum the flure, and houldin' me fast in his strong arrums.

Oi lookt up inter his oyes, an' they had the thure luv-loight in thim, wot the poits wroite about. "Put me down!" cries Oi. "Fathur moight kum in a minit!"

"Thin Oi wud ax him fur his dartur on the spot!"

"But it haint a bit romantik!"

"Kiss me furst, Nan, an' down you shall go!"

"You haint nivur kist me!" croid Oi, remembrin', in toime.

"Thure fur you, darlint! An' here's one, two, three, ter begin wid."

"Wull you let me down?" axt Oi, impashunt.

"The kiss furst, swatehart!"

Thar wuz no hilp fur it, an' it's meself, Nan Delliculty, wot had nivur kistt any mon but me own fathur, thot had ter kiss Kristy McKale.

He sot me on me two fate at thot, an' es sune es me hands wur free, Oi splasht him wid suds agin, fur the terrybul tease thot he wuz. "Tak thot!" sez Oi.

"Nary!" sez he. "Oi'm Nan Delliculty's husbind thot is ter be, an' it wudn't be jist roight."

"Do you raly luv me, Kristy?"

He pointid ter the broight sun outside. "Nannie darlint, the big orb up yondur wull stop its shinin' whin Oi stop carin' fur you."

"Thin git down on yer knees!"

"Troth, an' wot fur?"

"Luvurs in fickshun always do."

"But Oi kape me knees fur me prayers, swatehart."

"Thin you don't luv me!"

But down he wint on the dusty kitchun flure, an' the komikil look out ov his blu oyes is funny ter remimbur.

"Nan Delliculty, Oi swear thot Oi luv you es no luvur in books ivur luv'd onybuddy!"

"Git up!" sez Oi. "You're a tease, an' no mistake!"

But he tuk frum his pocket a purty box, wid a foine gold ring in it. "This," sez he, "is fur me future woife, an' Oi want ter see ef it wull fit me Quare ov the Suds, thot shall sune hav her wash dun fur her, es all leddies shud."

He wuz jist tryin' it on wid a laff an' a kiss, whin in walkt daddy, widout knockin', an' no dinner in soight.

"Faith, an' wot's this!" croid he, astonisht.

"Mither Delliculty," reploid Kristy, bould es a munky wid a brass collar, "Oi've kum fur a woife, an' Nan's konsintid ter be thot same, an' the day's set."

"But the tabul haint!" sez daddy, wid a laff.

"Tell yer fathur the day, Nan!"

"The tinth ov August," sez Oi, in a hurry, fur husbinds loike Kristy McKale haint ter be pickt up ivry year. An' thin Oi scurried about an' got out a lunch wot we three set down to tergethur, an' Mither Kristy sed it wuz the bist he'd had fur mony a meal, bekase Oi got it riddy wid me own hands.

Afther thot, daddy kistt me in kongratulashun, an' now me an' Kristy McKale's reglarly b' gaged, wid the weddin' raly down fur August, an' a trip ter the Buffalo Pan Show ter foller.

But och, the terrybul tease thot he is!

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

Anything She Called For.

Mr. Downtown (irritably)—"Bridget, I must insist that you cease singing that song. My wife has a nervous headache and it annoys her."

Bridget (the cook)—"Oi will stop, sorr. Oi didn't know thot the mishtress disloiked thot song. Pfwat song do she want me to sing?"

Its Location.

"I WANT to tell you a good joke. My wife found a tack on the floor this morning, and she picked it up and put it on the mantel."

"Yes? Where's the point to the joke?"

"On the tack, me boy."

Disappointing.

Mrs. Gummey (with deep curiosity)—"Oh, Mrs. Glanders! do tell me about Mrs. Tenspot's scandal, won't you?"

Mrs. Glanders—"My dear, it is not nearly so dreadful as you hope."

Shocking.

Cholly—"What's youah hand bandaged for, old chap?"

Archie—"Weumatism, old man. Me bwute of a man bwrought me a cold saucah with me coffee this mawning."

Cholly—"The wascal!"

A Gloomy Prospect.

"You have an immense amount of hay," observed the visitor at the Clover-meadow farm.

"Ya-as," said Farmer Redneck, "but there ain't a dang thing t' feed it to but bicycles."

Decidedly So.

John—"Is your wife clever?"

Jack—"Clever enough to make me think that she knows less than I know."

Wouldn't Have One—Even at a Bargain.

A BACHELOR who has spent his life in New York had business in one of the leading dry-goods establishments lately for the first time. He said, "When I was coming down the stairs I stopped and looked at the throng of women. It was all confusion. They pushed each other; crowded to get a look at the same thing; spent their money as if it were a thing of no value."

"Did you fall in love with any of the pretty ladies?" said the person to whom he was speaking.

"Fall in love? No, indeed. I stood there and thanked the Lord that not one of 'em belonged to me."

The Antidote.

"I'm very fond of watermelon," remarked Mr. Gummey, "but it always gives me the stomach-ache."

"You just wait until my idea is perfected," replied Mr. Glanders, "and then you can eat watermelon with impunity."

"What is your idea?"

"To graft the watermelon-vine on the root of the Jamaica-ginger plant."

Early Drawbacks.

Mrs. Goodsolic—"I can see, my poor man, that you never had the advantages of an education or a good home. You started early in life on the stormy path—a sad case of arrested development."

Lonely Straggles—"I should t'ink it wuz, mum. I wuz in jail before I wuz fourteen years old."

His Sorrow Song.

Stanley (aged four years)—"Mamma, please sing that lovely song called 'The Hash is Cold.'"

Mamma—"I don't know any song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?"

Stanley—"No, indeed, mamma; it's a 'sorrow song.'"

Mamma—"Well, I can't think what you mean."

A LITTLE LATER.

Mamma (sings from "My Dearest Heart")—"The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley (excitedly)—"That's it, mamma; that's it! But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash; it was the gravy."

An Evident Omission.

Ancient-History Man—"Here are the names of some of the tribes inhabiting Canaan—The Kenites, the Kenizites, the Kadmonites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, the Girgashites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, and the Moabites."

Man from New Jersey—"How about the mosquito-bites?"

Comfort.

"HE has broken my heart," wailed the beautiful girl.

"There, there! don't take on so," said her friend in tones of pity; "it might have been your bicycle."

A Definition.

Little Elmer—"Pa, what is an optimist?"

Professor Broadhead—"A person who is constantly expecting the unexpected to happen."

A Sad Case.

Mrs. Newrich—"Yes, it's really distressful about my son Arthur. Ever since we came home from London he has been copying English manners and dress until I declare he has become quite a kleptomaniac."

Very.

"So Cholly Vitevie is going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Sent in your congratulations?"

"No; fact is I don't know the girl, so I can't congratulate him; and I do know him, so I can't congratulate her."

A Chronic Weakness.

Mr. Backpedal (tenderly, to Miss Breaker, as they wheel down the Boulevard)—"Are you tired, Miss Breaker?"

Miss Breaker—"No; but my wheel is."

The Difference.

He—"It stands to reason that a simply-made gown costs less to make than an elaborate one."

She—"It may cost less to make it, but it doesn't cost less to buy."

Cupid's Enemy.

"PA wouldn't let me marry Mr. Snupkins because he smoked such cheap cigars."

"Well, he can't make that an objection to me."

"He says you smoke too expensive ones."

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN.

By MARION MAY.

Making Both Ends Meet.

WHEN a woman has but slim means and no one to support her there are two methods of making both ends meet. One is to add to her means by work; the other is to save her means by work, remembering that "a dollar saved is a dollar earned."

Learn to take care of what you have, to make use of everything, to turn everything to account, to make one article serve for many purposes. Try earnestly to be content with little, to have simple wants, and not to crave unnecessary things. There is a virtue once possessed in large measure by our grandmothers, the pride of New England women in olden days, now almost gone out of fashion, which we should do well to cultivate anew before it becomes quite extinct—the good old virtue of *thrift*.

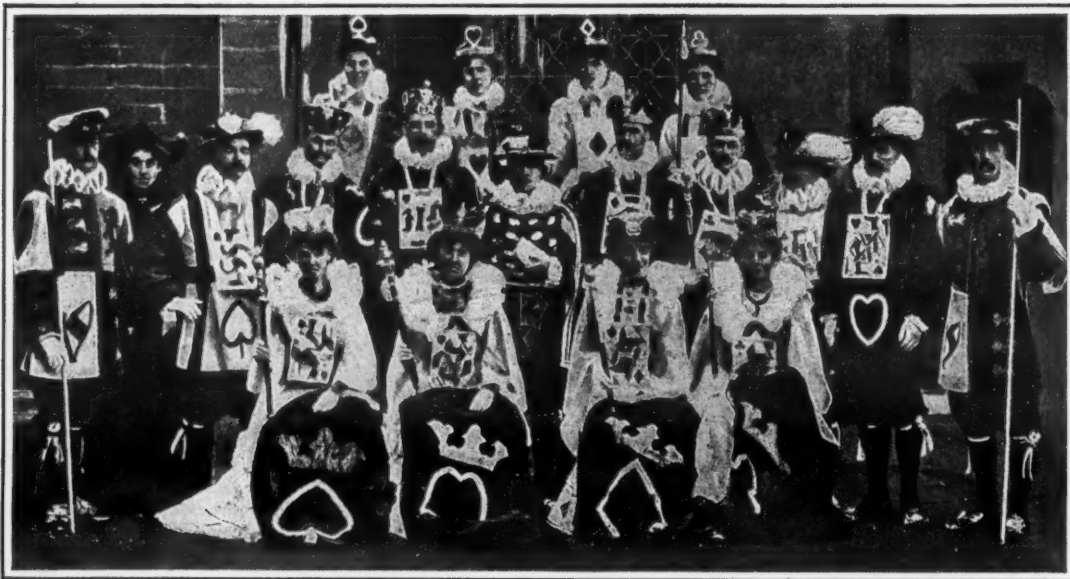
For instance, never throw away your old stockings when you think them past darning. Cut them over, using the legs of two pairs to make one. Stitch closely a narrow seam; then fasten it open, flat, by cat-stitching. You think seams will hurt your feet, but you will find they will not. Oh, there are many things we can do, if we only think so.

When your black or colored dress-skirts become worn and shabby around the bottom, make petticoats of them. There is no need to buy petticoats. Use what you have and save the buying. A partly-worn challie makes a convenient short petticoat, to use instead of flannel, and so does nuns' veiling, or albatross. These are light and comfortable to wear, easily washed, quickly dried, and do not shrink. Cotton dress-skirts make first-rate work aprons, and, if not faded, shirt-waists.

If your under-flannels have shrunk, open the seam under the arm and set in a piece from the arm-hole down to the bottom, making one good vest out of two useless ones. Worn-out flannels make good floor-cloths and window-cloths. Cut out the good bits from flannel skirts to use in mending, or in sickness, or for making bags (most useful in damp houses) for slipping over flat-irons, knives or silver, when not in use. Never throw away a square inch of flannel or woolen stockings or gloves. Chopped into little bits with your scissors and collected in a box, they make the very nicest stuffing for pin-cushions.

Ragged towels can have the good parts used as wash-cloths or dish-cloths. Worn or faded aprons may be cut into squares and hemmed, for tying around your head in making fires and sweeping. A square is preferable for this purpose to a sweeping-cap, as it protects ears and neck. A square cut from an old challie or woolen dress is very nice to tie over your head if you have to wash your own windows or hang up your own clothes. Always keep one of these squares handy, with a safety-pin in it, ready for use.

A good dress or wrapper may be made out of a shawl. In summer, shawls are very nice instead of blankets. Sometimes they make nice table-covers, curtains, etc.



THE PLAYERS IN A GAME OF LIVING WHIST AT ARUNDEL CASTLE.

Save even worn-out handkerchiefs. Have them in rolls, ready for use in case of wounds.

Old silk and woolen gloves can be used to mend others, sometimes putting in a whole new thumb. They make most beautiful dolls' stockings. Old kid gloves make pen-wipers, or give them to some friend who wears a size smaller than you do. Then beg from the friend who wears a size larger than you do her cast-off ones, to protect your hands in making fires, dusting, sweeping, and handling flower-pots.

L. D. COLLINS.

Getting Into Society.

GETTING into society, as the phraseology runs, is by no means an easy matter. It is a general idea that if certain conditions exist an entrance into the most exclusive society is easily attainable; that is, if the aspirant possesses wealth, a more or less attractive personality, and is sufficiently well born to meet the very easy-going requirements of modern times. But this is far from being the case.

The fact is that it is much more difficult to get into what is known as exclusive society than it is in either London or Paris. People who have all the essentials we have enumerated have tried in vain to capture the citadel that surrounds the inner circle. It is not difficult to get to a certain point, but beyond that there is a barrier that is all the more insurmountable because it is intangible. Those who think the game is worth the candle, and, oddly enough, there are many otherwise sensible, intelligent men and women whose greatest ambition is to be numbered among the elect, should first consider what betokens intimacy with the smart crowd, and secondly, how to obtain it. A villa at Newport is a good beginning, but there are many other minor points that are most essential. To be thoroughly versed in the jargon and argot that pass current for conversation is an excellent accomplishment to acquire if you would be a candidate for social distinction. You must be impervious to snub, and skillfully conceal any appearance of discomfiture, and take your consolation for many humiliations in reflecting that with patience and perseverance you may be able in due time to treat others as you yourself have been treated.

Hints at Bead Trimming.

A RECENT report of our consular agent at Eibenstock, Germany, contains some facts of interest concerning the dress-trimming industry of that thriving city. No article, it is said, is subject to such fluctuation in trade. Exports to the United States of silk-embroidered and beaded trimmings amounted to \$155,500 for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901. This was an increase of \$13,100 over the previous year. The manufacturers of Eibenstock excel only in handmade trimmings, and this field they are likely to hold undisputed for years to come. They have been trying for many years, our agent says, to establish the production of some article which will not be so dependent upon the caprices of fashion. The dealers in beads furnish the manufacturers with about \$1,600,000 worth of this article each year. The same beads utilized in the production of dress-trimmings are used in making and adorning lamp shades in many charming designs. Our illustration shows a lamp shade inlaid with pearls, with bead fringes. The shades are all hand-work and are made in various sizes, ranging from one and one-half to two feet in diameter.

A Game of Living Whist.

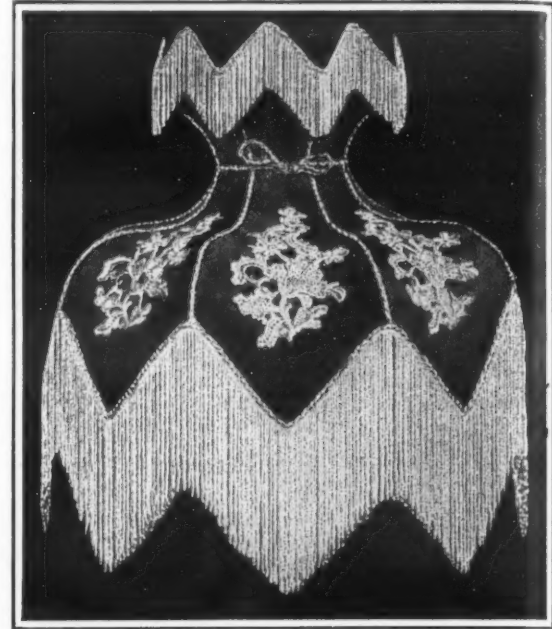
ONE of the latest and most unique devices for alluring pounds and pence from the pockets of the English gentry for sweet charity's sake is a game of whist in which the hearts, diamonds, spades, and the rest are none other than living men and women, and the card table a green expanse of lawn. Our illustration affords a view of the players in such a game arranged on the grounds of Arundel Castle,

which, apparently, no woman can keep the stray ends of her hair tidy. These are the result of the hair being drawn so closely from the neck upward. "Barettes" are found in all sizes and materials, from the wee celluloid affair that tries so hard to look tortoise-shell to the elaborate bejeweled ones seen chiefly on the very well dressed heads of beautiful women.

There's a long pin with a pale-colored stone which is very much in evidence these days, and whose function it is to hold the belt of the wearer in place at the back; of course the belt has a buckle varying in value with the purse of the wearer.

Then the tie or lace about the throat requires at least two pins, and very often as many as half a dozen are used; some of these are both pretty and inexpensive, and quite a favorite style is the plain gold safety-pin with a single stone; even here the pin does not cease to be in evidence, for the little watch must be fastened to the wearer's coat by still another; the chatelaine requires one more, while a metal chain is often used to fasten the fur boa at the neck. Small wonder that dressing is a lengthy process!

C. P.



A LAMP SHADE INLAID WITH PEARLS.

About Women.

UNDERTAKING, which has always been considered one of the least attractive fields of employment, is one of the newest occupations for women. Out on the Pacific coast, Mrs. Madge Cornell is one of the pioneers in the profession. She understands embalming; post-mortems are among her common duties, and even the morgue has no terrors for her.

Miss Bertha A. Wilbur, of Rochester, N. Y., has been appointed a pension agent in that city, in place of her father, who died a short time since. She is said to be the youngest woman pension agent in the country. She was her father's assistant some time before his death, and she determined to keep at the work if she could. Her application was indorsed by several Grand Army men, and she has now received her papers.

The other day an observant woman remarked upon the returning popularity of the old-fashioned ringlet—the "corkscrew curl" of our grandmothers' day. Many chubby little faces are seen surrounded by the long curls which are infinitely prettier than the twin stiff braids with their accompanying ribbon bows. Older girls, from fourteen, are wearing the one long soft curl which is associated with Mary Mannering; no ribbon mars the effect and often the curl falls over the right shoulder quite à la Janice Meredith.

Through the efforts of the women of Norway the government has sanctioned a new marriage ritual. The present one, dating from 1889, has created much dissatisfaction, as it contains the words: "The woman must be subordinate to her husband." To end the controversy, the government has sanctioned an alternative ritual which the woman can choose, in which the words "is not" are inserted instead of "must be." So far, no opposition on the part of the men has been raised, anything for peace evidently being their maxim in this case.

Next to making complaints there is nothing so unprofitable as listening to small trials, especially those of a household nature. Learn to forget the slights, errors in taste, gossip and scandals you see and hear. Do not remember the puzzles and wrongs you have had to meet, as soon as you have done your best to straighten them out. Forget worries, small and great. They only wear out heart and brain. Forget humiliations, cares and trials. Let your mind and heart be filled with the goodness and justice and beauty that are in the world. Do not be like the soldier who has fought one hard battle and who spends the rest of his life thinking and telling about it. There is nothing so inspiring as to meet a wholesome, unselfishly happy human being; and there is nothing so depressing as to meet one who insists upon dwelling in misery and sharing it all with you. Learn to forget your troubles, small and great, and allow others to forget them.

Brooches, Pins, and Buckles.

WERE brooches, pins, and such like things ever seen in such number upon a single person at one time as in this year of grace? First, there's the "barette," without

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This is amongst the most perfectly and completely equipped railway lines in the world, and its title of "the popular low-rate short line" has been honestly earned. And just now it happens that its service is to be called forth in a manner which, although taxing its carrying facilities to a vast degree, at the same time no duty towards its patrons will be left undone. For comfort, speed, and general excellence, the Nickel Plate has no peer—and for this reason it has gained the distinction of being designated as the possessor of "A peerless trio"—due to the fact of the three express trains that are sent over its line daily. From any distance east as far as Boston and west to Chicago, the Nickel Plate offers accommodations such as dining and sleeping cars, and unexcelled personal service. Solid through trains with vestibuled sleepers are run daily over the West Shore line from New York City to Buffalo, and on the daily runs, both from Chicago and from Boston, through buffet sleeping-cars are made a feature of the service. And the Pan-American Exposition once gone over, no line affords better opportunities of sight-seeing than the Nickel Plate, reaching out, as it does, to the points of universal interest, such as the Niagara Falls and Chautauqua Lake. And it is to these Meccas that the eyes of the great republic are turned with as deep a longing and as eminent a degree of joyous anticipation as ever marked the efforts of tourists to catch a glimpse of these famous spots. Niagara Falls—"the thunder of waters"—never before offered the attractions that so distinguish this resort at the present moment. The electric installments have combined to make the Falls a romantic, wild fairy scene—in addition to which the gorge and the whirlpool and numberless other features lend to the enchantment.

A specialty is made of the individual club meals served only on the Nickel Plate, and which since their introduction have proved popular. They range in price from 35 cents to \$1.00, and meet the popular demand better than any other form. One dollar covers the entire bill of fare. At à-la-carte prices this would amount to several dollars, while a light eater can secure a meal for 35 cents. The service is not excelled by that of any of the trunk lines, nor are the appurtenances of the dining car and buffet equaled by any. The water used is from the famous Puritas Springs, at Rockford, O.

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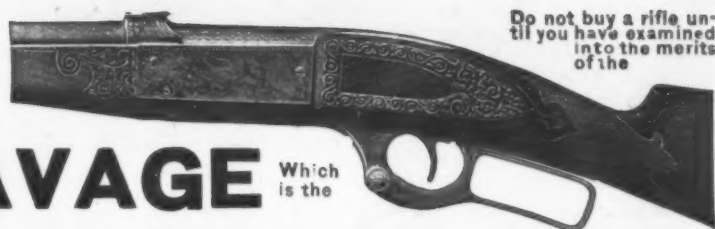


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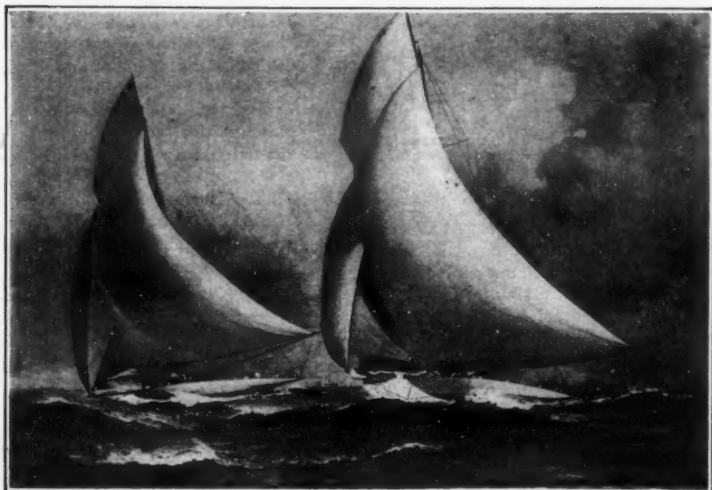
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IS OUR CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES A FAILURE?

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

MANILA, June 20th, 1901.—When we left Peking on the *Sumner*, Manila-bound, staff rumors were in the air about a probable trip around the islands before General Chaffee assumed command of the military department of the Philippine Islands. On arriving at Manila the rumor turned into a double-headed monster, a dual excursion by the powers that be, and are about to be, in the islands. The commission was to take the *Sumner* and have a trip, dropping ready-made civil governments on unsuspecting *barrios*, and thus allowing the guileless "amigo" a chance to become the noble proselyte of George-Washingtonism, with something nearer self-government than falls to the lot of a Mississippi negro. General Chaffee was to have some other steamer and study the conditions of various forts on Luzon and the southern islands as fully as a flying visit would allow. The general, however, wanted the *Sumner*, so the commission decided to confer its civil blessings inland for the time being, and General Chaffee is on the *Sumner* visiting as many ports on as many islands as can be crowded into the space between June 8th and 25th.

In spite of the fact that the rainy season is upon us and the southwest monsoon with its wild squalls and blinding rain is disturbing the China seas, we are having fine weather on the *Sumner*, and the thermometer is only eighty-five degrees under the awnings. The *Sumner* sailed from the anchorage in Manila Bay at six o'clock on the evening of June 8th. After a lovely trip over sunny seas, sailing between the great island of Mindoro and the coast of Luzon, then down past Sibuyan, whose tall peak breaks the wind from the China Sea on our starboard, while away on the port lie the verdant slopes of Burias, we steamed into the harbor of Sorsogon just as the sun was dropping beyond the mountains and throwing a golden light on the rich verdure which had climbed to the very crater of a great dead volcano. Sorsogon harbor is the true pirate's harbor of the old nautical romance. It is a land-locked bay, entered by a narrow channel which passing vessels may not see unless by chance the right angle is struck and the captain's glass at that moment is searching the shores. An outer island half bars the channel's mouth. Further in a point runs out which narrows the channel again, and a few hundred yards beyond a little island commands the stream. It was here that the Spanish guns raked the channel, and doubtless the "long-toms" of buccaneers before them. On the right and left huge mountains pile up among the fleecy clouds that veil their higher slopes. The harbor shallows in the centre to five and then to four fathoms, which then leaves the ship five miles across the bay to the town of Sorsogon. That night we lay at anchor under the great hills that shut out the breeze and sweltered in the warm moist air. Vivid lightning revealed the peaks in flashes, but no thunder came to disturb our sleep.

In the morning the shore-party climbed into the launch and the cutter at 5:30 and steamed into little Sorsogon just as the Filipino belles went to Mass, while the hopeful youth of the town, from the end of the rude wooden pier, reflectively watched the black jelly-fish drag their tubular bodies through the water by the spasmodic contraction of their flabby heads. General Chaffee was the first to climb the clumsy bamboo slope. We followed, and soon a khaki-colored procession, for the greater part adorned with shoulder-straps and swords, was picking its way over the occasional planks of this semi-derelect jetty between rows of drying hemp, which was hung in bunches on the top of the piles that support the pier. On turning to the left we passed the inevitable whitewashed warehouse and then came to the equally inevitable moss-grown stone church, with its saints and images, its gilded altar, and its atmosphere of damp and incense. Across from this was the usual Spanish house built upon a lower structure of stone to raise it from the ground, the windows running all round the house. This was the military headquarters of Sorsogon. The officers of the post received us in bath-gowns and pajamas, and no doubt wished for once in their lives that the cable from Manila had been extended to Sorsogon and a little message had warned them that a general would pounce upon them before breakfast. However, they took this surprise-party as cheerfully as a night attack of Filipinos, and tried to dress while everybody asked questions, and the various officers of the party fulfilled their mission of inspecting stores, quartermaster and commissary, hospitals, water supply, condition of troops, uniform, equipment, and all the things that heads of departments in Manila hunger for full particulars of, with a view to keeping their official papers in good condition, and incidentally improving the "chow" or clothing of the boys in blue.

Then we talked *insurrecto* and gently touched upon the question of civil government. In the country around Sorsogon, Castilla, Bacon, and other *barrios*, a state of severe insurrection may not be said to exist, the main reason being that the insurgents or banditti, whichever you will, appear to have more bolos than guns. Everywhere are camps of bolomen with from seventy-five to one hundred men in each camp. They live by blackmailing the people, and run away, if they have time, when the American troops come after them.

Besides these, however, I heard of some 300 riflemen in the vicinity. Lieutenant Epley, of the Fifteenth Infantry, gave me a rough outline of a "hike" which he had just made with Captain Paxton, in command of Company A. They went first to Castilla and from there operated inland within a radius of about twenty-five miles. They broke up four of these camps, killing about twelve men, wounding others, and taking seventeen prisoners. On inquiry I discovered that no Spaniards or other white men had gone to live on plantations in the vicinity. There are a few Spanish traders in this and in neighbor-

ing towns engaged in the hemp business. But these are only to be found in towns where troops are stationed. No civilians can with safety go any distance inland or from the garrisoned towns. Two armed soldiers may go for a few miles around a town, and eight armed soldiers may go almost anywhere.

With these conditions in mind consider the fact that on the 1st of July a civil government will go into power. It is well to look into this so-called civil government and find out its true character, its cost, and probable bearing on the pacification of the islands. The civil commission has appointed Captain J. G. Livingston, of the Forty-seventh Volunteer Infantry, Governor, at a salary of \$1,700; Paras Leon y Perez, a native, secretary, at a salary of \$1,200; Captain E. W. Terry, Forty-seventh Volunteer Infantry, a treasurer, salary \$2,300; G. A. Purington, first lieutenant, Forty-seventh Infantry, a supervisor, salary \$1,700, and a *fiscal patricio bailon*, \$1,250. To begin with, the province of Sorsogon is saddled with a salary list of \$8,050, to say nothing of its running expenses. It is no doubt assumed that the islands will ultimately pay the cost of these local governments out of their own treasury. That the revenues of the whole archipelago may not be able to do this at the outset would not matter, if the establishment of these so-called civil governments was likely to restore order and to encourage the people in those agricultural and mercantile pursuits which would ultimately create a greater export trade and produce a sound yearly budget.

But as far as personal investigation of local conditions fits one to judge the condition of the Filipino people, it would not seem that one is justified in expecting such results from the mere creation of a lot of officials who sit down in their districts to rule over a community which is unchanged from within and which is only partially restrained from universal anarchy by the presence of a considerable force of troops.

This brings us to the root of the whole matter. In this Oriental people there is a strain of lawlessness and a tendency to acts of violence and bloodshed, untempered by those qualities of broad intelligence and law-abiding instincts which form the national point of view, and are the birthrights of individuals among the great Western nations. This fact leaves force, instantly and relentlessly applied, the only means of controlling such a people. Fear of evil consequences has a deeper effect on their embryonic intelligence than love for the power which is trying to rule them by kindness. That is where the insurgent's power still lies; his knowledge of how to terrorize his own people. Only a few days ago out from Daraga a boy was captured by the insurgents, who accused him of giving information to the Americans. They took him out to the hills and gouged one eye out and cut off one ear. Thus disfigured he was returned to the people of Daraga with the compliments of the insurgent leader and a warning that it is not good to be friendly with the Americans, nor to resist the demands for insurgent levies. That sunk into the miserable soul of every native man, woman, and child in the town; their lips were sealed, and an insurgent with a toy pistol could take all he had a mind to in the night. That is how the insurgent flends terrorize the people.

In a certain town and its vicinity, where a company of American soldiers is stationed, quiet and order had been established for so long that no one thought of danger, and men were allowed to go out into the country. One day a corporal and two men went out several miles hunting, and coming to a stream they rested for food and to enjoy a quiet game at cards. Soon a few natives straggled in from a near-by village and stood chatting and watching the game. The corporal picked up his rifle and went down to the stream to drink. The natives immediately attacked the remaining two men as they played. One was killed outright with a bolo, and the other poor fellow had his head half cut off, so that he had to hold it on with his hands. The corporal fired on the natives and drove them off. He took the wounded man down to the stream and helped him into a canoe. Through the rest of that day and a long night of weary paddling he reached the post. The captain immediately turned out his whole command and marched to the village from which the natives had come.

He bundled the whole population, men, women, and children, out of their houses, and wedged them in between a double line of soldiers. The people were warned that if any one tried to escape he would be shot. One man tried it and he was shot; then the captain gave the *presidente* of the *barrio* ten minutes to produce the guilty parties.

The *presidente* wanted to talk the matter over, evidently to gain time. He was silenced, and told that if the murderers were not produced in the given time the whole village would be razed to the ground and himself arrested. The men were immediately given up by the people. Before the men, women, and children of the *barrio* these "amigo" assassins were shot down like dogs. From that day there has been quiet and order among the people.

Will any of you with your preconceived ideas of the Filipino intelligence and social morality attempt to defend these Filipino blackguards who murdered your own countrymen? Will any of you deny the justice of this captain's action, or the moral effect of this swift and visible retribution? You will argue those are not our methods of discovering and punishing crime; the whole difference lies in the state of our society and of society as it exists in these islands. With us the people desire peace and abhor crime. Society informs on the evil doer. Here society rejoices when a white man is killed. The people band themselves together to protect and sustain the slayers. Not any particular section of the people are insurgents, they are all insurgents. Many stay at home and profess friendship to the Americans. Some of these because they are tired out and have been broken and wearied in the field, others for business interests, some as spies the better to help the braver ones in the field, none because of a change of heart. Should we withdraw the troops in any single department or province to-morrow, the insurrection which the troops are sitting down upon would blaze up with unabated vigor. This is the true condition of the Philippine Islands as I write. It was exactly the condition of the

islands on the 27th of June, 1900, when I sailed on the *Logan* with the Ninth Infantry for China.

The Filipinos are not more capable of self-government, not more ready for civil government, than the apes that run wild in their coconut-groves. And yet, with anarchy and lawlessness in every province of every island, and no place where a white man can live a mile or two from a garrisoned post, and no place where the natives are free from taxes to these armed insurgents, robbers, or whatever you like to call them; with not the slightest prospect of withdrawing troops or reducing their force while the present sickly sentimentality prevents the army from taking the proper stringent measures to crush into subjection this spirit of anarchy and insurrection—with these conditions staring it in the face, this benevolent commission goes ahead creating officials and dumping them down on military posts to do nothing except draw salaries and interfere with the work of the army.

The army has served its apprenticeship to this business and is now beginning to show a knowledge of the situation, and apparently to realize the necessity for recognizing the responsibility of communities which screen the acts of individuals and give aid and comfort to the rebels.

That little case just mentioned exactly demonstrates what I mean by the responsibility of communities for the acts of individuals. If the captain, instead of marching his troops to the *barrio* and demanding the culprits at the point of the bayonet, with a direct threat of disaster to the whole community if the men were not forthcoming, had merely put civil machinery to work, these murderers would have still been at large, the people of the village laughing in their sleeves, and the *presidente* offering polite apologies for his inability to find any trace of the criminals.

A strong military government is the only possible remedy for this condition of anarchy and disregard for life and property. Encourage the people, in peaceful ways, to cultivate and to trade, bring about just laws and organize a sound currency, do everything to improve the national life and the individual characters, but make the penalty for armed rebellion death; make every community responsible for the lives of all law-abiding people, white or black, within its confines. Disgrace and remove from office every *presidente* who fails to report insurgent blackmailing of his people. Imprison or fine every native who pays such illegal levies, and make death the penalty for armed extortion.

The condition of the islands demands these severe measures. Wherever an officer, a little bolder than his fellows, has taken the law into his own hands and acted on these lines, he has accomplished more in ten minutes than a civil government will do in ten years.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Starting Schools in the Philippines.

(Continued from page 182.)

from any position to make room for American teachers, nor will there be less positions open to capable natives. On the other hand, the establishment of a large public-school system, where there has been practically none, will create many new places for qualified Filipinos, and the free normal schools will enable them to qualify for a work which, instead of being looked down upon and underpaid, as it was under Spanish régime, will become a lucrative and honorable profession.

In all schools taught by American teachers it is planned to have four hours' primary instruction for children in the morning, and one hour normal English instruction for native teachers in the afternoon of each school-day, thereby making it possible for Filipino teachers to qualify for future requirements without giving up their means of livelihood in the meantime. Wherever there is an American teacher there are evening schools for the English instruction of those who are past the school age. The parents are thus kept in accord with the new ideas acquired by their children.

The preliminary term of the Manila Normal School, from April 10th to May 10th, ultimo, was attended by 600 bright and ambitious native teachers representing twenty-three different provinces and islands of the archipelago. Of this number fully ten per cent. were able to speak English quite well, and the majority were able to understand the instruction in arithmetic, geography, history, manual training, drawing, physiology, and kindergarten work given in the English language. Forty-seven of the American teachers now in the Philippines were engaged in the work of this term, and many applicants for matriculation had to be turned away owing to the lack of accommodations. This, for pioneer work, is very hopeful and encouraging, and with the additional assistance of the American superintendents and teachers soon to arrive, this department hopes to have more than 5,000 public schools open to the children of the Philippine Islands within the next two years.

Besides the proposed schools for higher education here, an appropriation has been asked for to be used in assisting worthy and ambitious young Filipino teachers to secure training in the normal schools of the United States. Plans are being made for the organization of a Philippine Educational Association in the United States, and many normal schools and colleges in the United States have offered their assistance in this matter, and the military authorities here have also promised valuable aid in the way of transportation.

Fred W. Atkinson.

A Change Breakfast.

As the warm days approach, it is well to give some thought to an easy way to prepare breakfast. A food that is already cooked and simply needs to be treated with a little cold milk or cold cream, is ideal on that point, and such a food can be found in Grape-Nuts, at fifteen cents per package.

It is sold by all grocers, and is so highly concentrated that not more than three or four teaspoonsful are required for the cereal part of the meal. This makes the food very economical and does not overtax the stomach with a great volume.

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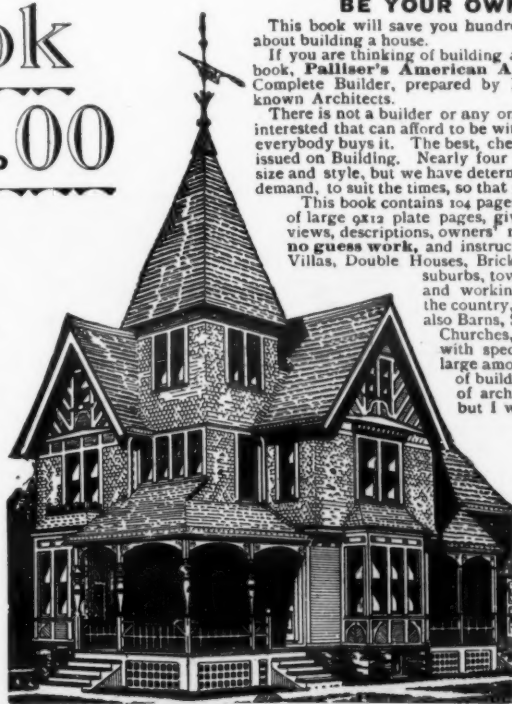
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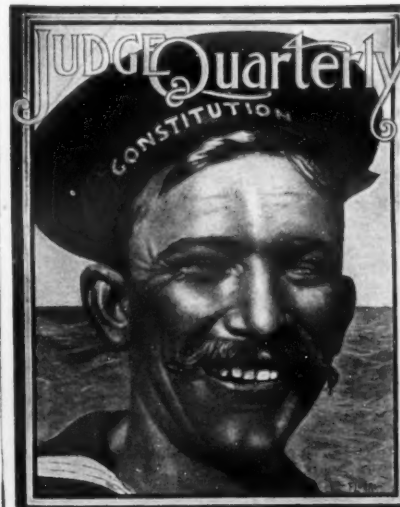
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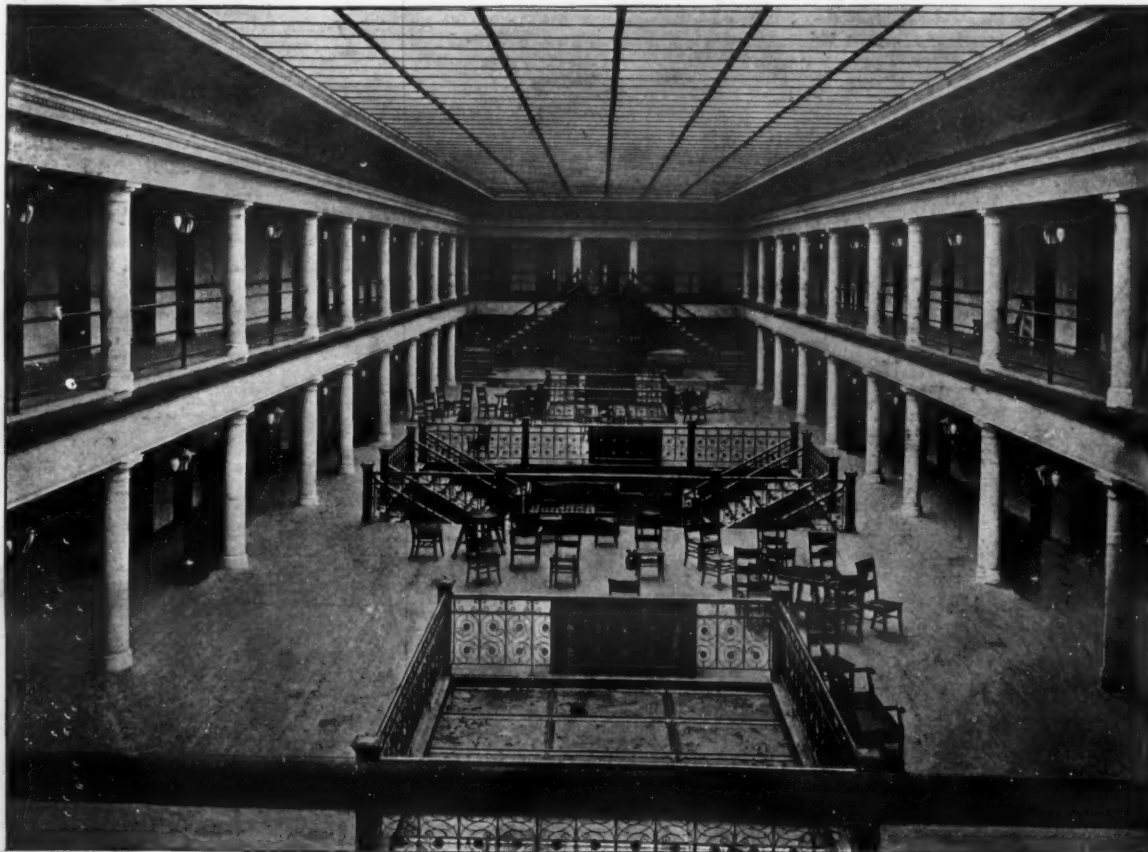
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